THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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HOOPS AND BELL SKIRTS.

Miss Eleanor Kirk Thinks That the Former Abomination Will Not Prevail This Season.

Reasons for Abolishing the Hideous Alleged Mourning Costumes Now so Generally Worn—Other Matters of Interest.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 13.—In response to several invitations to explain the financial difficulties of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, I am compelled to say that I don't know anything about them, and I might go a little farther and state that I do not care anything about them.

The Tabernacle folks built a church they could not pay for, and that is explanation enough. When professors of religion are extravagant they have to expect the same chastening that comes to other folks. It is thought by many that a few months will find this colossal building turned into a place of amusement.

The Album Revue, the choicest and most reliable fashion journal, has just arrived, and I am happy to tell my readers that an elegant simplicity distinguishes every one of the beautifully colored gowns. There is not a suspicion of a hoop, though the bottoms of the skirts are a little fuller than they have been. These skirts are bell-shaped with no fullness at the top.

A few women have been seen on Broadway with hoops, but they belong to the class who dress to attract attention. It is but fair to state that they succeed. Men turn round for a second look, and the object is accomplished.

The following is interesting and will doubtless touch the experiences of many of my friends:

"I have worn mourning unwillingly for the past two years for my father. He did not believe in black any more than I do, but not to appear odd, and not to hurt the feelings of my family, I did as the rest did. Now I want to take it off, and I am met with protests and tears from every side. I cannot bear to meet the beautiful spring with these hideous clothes on. They distress me beyond my ability to tell, and I know that in several instances they have made me ill. My father does not wish us to mourn for him, and he hated the custom anyway. What would you do?"

Well, I should leave it off, if I broke something. My relatives could weep and protest till they found more congenial occupation, and I should never wear it again under any circumstances. Mourning garments are not only depressing, but with sensitive organizations are exceedingly harmful. If our loved ones can see us it certainly cannot contribute to their happiness to look upon the In Memoriam Sables, which a mistaken idea of death once forced upon the world. Take 'em off and "face the spring" in gladsome colors. Don't give the old duds to anybody else to mourn in, either. Burn them up. It is my opinion that your father will be just as glad as you are at your emancipation. Perhaps some of my friends will think I ought to whisper this thought. But I don't. I say it right out loud.

"Does medical science make less use of drugs than ever before?" a gentleman from Pawtucket inquires.

It is my intention to get the figures, so that all my friends can see the tremendous falling off in the last few years in the use of drugs. It is a matter of statistics, and can be proven.

A lady from Wilmington tells me that until she read my letters she used quinine and morphine in great quantities, and at first she thought I was a fool. "Later," she writes, "I located the fool nearer home, and I think I was one of the very first to send for Miss Seamon's simple and beautiful recipe for the hair. I saw splendid results from the second application, and I want to thank you for making it possible for me to know about it. I am now free from any drug habit, and for the first time since I was a girl I am well. This I owe to you. I began by using the exercises in your little ten cent booklet, and by believing that you were speaking the truth."

I print this portion of my unknown friend's letter because it pleases me so to have some of my efforts for a healthier and higher womanhood crowned with success, that I want my readers to rejoice with me. I intend before long to issue from my own personal experience some Mental Directions for Happy Days. Two-thirds of the suffering of this life we make for ourselves, and it ought to be stopped.

It is pitiful that there is so much fear abroad about cholera. Housekeepers generally are in a very unhappy state of mind, and are asking what they shall do. In the first place refuse to admit the fear, and if it has taken possession of you, drive it out. People who are anxious and afraid, are more likely than others "to catch cholera," or any other disease. You see we are pretty sure to catch whatever we stretch our arms out to receive. A little practice in this game—and most of us have had a great deal—will enable us to catch most anything on the fly, *a la* baseball.

Of course, the woman who sits down in a dirty house, with a wet, dirty cellar, foul and ill-smelling sink-drains, etc., and says, "I am not going to worry about cholera," is a fool. She isn't a fool because she doesn't worry, but because she does not take the necessary practical and orderly precautions against dirt. Darkness is something to be banished—even a cellar should let in some light—and the less light the more necessity for care in keeping it clean.

The best thing to do before stirring a house up for the spring cleaning is to sprinkle Platt's chlorides everywhere. Don't forget the dark clothes-closets, garrets, cellars, sinks and bowls. Do this if possible a couple of days before cleaning any room or part of the house. For the sake of your neighbors as well as yourself, see that your carpets are thoroughly disinfected by means of the chlorides before having them beaten in the yard. Think cheerful thoughts, eat good, nourishing food, and all you want, take proper exercise, keep the temple of your spirit clean and sweet, and prettily clad, if it is only in a calico dress, and use the chlorides liberally. If you don't go through unscathed, then I'm no prophet. Your doctor or your druggist will tell you where to get the chlorides.

The "Ozone ecstacy" seems to be enjoyed in its fullest extent by the travelers on the Clyde line. One invalid who was ordered South by his physician, says that he was well by the time he arrived at Jacksonville. The pure sea air seems to have instantaneous healing influence upon irritated lungs and bronchial organs. It is a generally accepted fact that hard colds can be cured by breathing outside air instead of the close air of the house. Influenza patients are not now ordered to bed as formerly. They are told to take a walk or a sail.

There is no lovelier or more inspiring sail than this one to Charleston and Jacksonville, and none more beneficial. The rest and change, the good cheer, the excellent cuisine, aid in repairing the physical and mental wear and tear, and a day and night are quite sufficient to show the value of ozone and change. The Clyde steamers sail from Pier No. 29 East River.

ELEANOR KIRK,
608 Greene avenue.

FOR DUTY AT THE FAIR.

Captain Bourke Assigned to a Position in the Latin-American Department.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, March 5.—Captain John G. Bourke, of the Third United States cavalry, arrived here today from the lower Rio Grande border, where he had been engaged in active field duty in search of Mexican bandits during the past several months. He states that he has been ordered to report for duty with the department of state in the Columbian exposition at Chicago, in the Latin-American division, under William E. Curtis. He does not know exactly what the nature of his duties will be. He will receive his instructions at Chicago, for which city he will leave tomorrow.

Captain Bourke has been in service in the department of Texas for the past several years and there is no officer in the army who has made a better record. He has been in the service for thirty years, and has been through some severe campaigns with Indians and desperate Mexican revolutionists. The new detail comes to him unsolicited and he anticipates relief from the arduous field duties which have fallen to his lot for so many years. He has just completed a lengthy article entitled "The Congo of America," in which he describes the Rio Grande valley. This article was written while in camp and will appear in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Captain Bourke states that the lower border country is still infested by a large number of Mexican bandits, but that through the efforts of the United States troops the bands of outlaws are being rapidly broken up and the members captured.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

SIOUX CITY, "the Corn Palace city of the world," is arranging to hold another of its unique and peculiar festivals this year. The date of opening is fixed for Sept. 20, continuing until October 18, 1893, and the management promises attractions that shall far surpass anything heretofore presented. It is expected that many of the thousands who will attend the World's Fair can be induced to extend their visit to Sioux City and view the marvels in cereal decoration which will be so perfectly shown, and at the same time gain a correct idea of the greatest corn producing territory on the globe.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued.)

Down to the 25th of May, 1857, there had been given orders for sale to the number of 3,197: the property had been sold to 7,216 purchasers, of whom 6,902 were Irish—the rest English, Scotch, or other foreigners. The estates already sold brought upwards of twenty millions sterling, which was almost all distributed to creditors and other parties interested. The result to Ireland is simply this—about one-fifteenth part of the island has changed hands; has gone from one landlord and come to another landlord: the result to the great tenant class is simply *nil*. The new landlord comes over them armed with the power of life and death, like his predecessor: but he has no local or personal attachment which in some cases used to mitigate the severity of landlord rule;—and he is bound to make interest on his investment. The estates have been broken up, on an average, into one-half their former size: and this has been much dwelt upon as an "amelioration;" but I have yet to learn that small landlords are more mild and merciful than great ones. On the whole, I maintain that the "Incumbered Estates Act" has benefitted the money-lenders of England.

As to "Tenant-Right," the salutary custom which I explained before, and which did once practically secure to the tenantry in some portions of Ulster a permanency of tenure on payment of their rent, our parliamentary patriots have been agitating for it, begging for it, conferring with ministers about it, eating public dinners, making speeches and soliciting votes on account of it; but they have never made, and never will make, an approach by one hair's-breadth to the attainment. It is absolutely essential to the existence of the British Empire, that the Irish peasant class be kept in a condition which will make them entirely manageable—easy to be thinned out when they grow too numerous, and available *materiel* for armies. This, I say, is necessary to the British commercial and social governmental system—but I do not say it by way of complaint. Those who are of opinion that British civilization is a blessing and a light to lighten the world, will easily reconcile themselves to the needful condition. Those who deem it the most base and horrible tyranny that has ever scandalized the earth, will probably wish that its indispensable prop—Ireland—were knocked from under it.

In the meantime, neither the Incumbered Estates Act, nor any other Act, made or to be made by an English parliament, has done or aimed to do anything towards giving the Irish tenant-at-will the smallesst interest in the land he tills; but, on the contrary, the whole course of the famine legislation was directed to the one end of shaking small lease-holders loose from the soil, and converting them into tenants-at-will, or into "independent laborers," or able-bodied paupers, or lean corpses. Let it be understood further, that the condition of an Irish "Tenant-at-will" is unique on the face of the globe, is utterly unintelligible to most civilized Europeans, and is only to be found within the sway of that constitution which is the envy of surrounding nations. The German, Van Raumer, making a tour in Ireland, thus tries to explain the thing:—

"How shall I translate *tenants-at-will? Wegjagbare?* Expellable? Serfs? But in the ancient days of vassalage, it consisted rather in keeping the vassals attached to the soil, and by no means in driving them away. An ancient vassal is a lord compared with the present tenant-at-will, to whom the law affords no defence. Why not call them *Jagdbare (chaseable)*? But this difference lessens the analogy—that for hares, stags, and deer there is a season during which no one is allowed to hunt them; whereas tenants-at-will are hunted all the year round. And if any one would defend his farm (as badgers and foxes are allowed to do), it is here denominated rebellion."

In 1849, it was still believed that the depopulation had not proceeded far enough, and the English Government was fully determined, having so gracious an opportunity, to make a clean sweep. One of the provisions of Lord John Russell's *Rate-in-Aid* bill was for imposing an addition rate of two shillings and six-pence in the pound, to promote *emigration*. During the two years, 1848-9, the Government Census Commissioners admit 9,395 deaths by famine alone; a number which would be about true if multiplied by about twenty-five. In the year 1850 there were nearly 7,000, as admitted by the same authorities; and in nearly the first quarter of 1851, 652 deaths by hunger, they say, "are recorded."

In the very midst of all this havoc, in August, 1849, her majesty's ministers thought the coast was clear for a royal visit. The queen had long wished, it was said, to visit her people of Ireland; and the great army of persons, who, in Ireland, are paid to be loyal, were expected to get up the appearance of rejoicing. Of course there were crowds in the streets; and the natural courtesy of the people prevented almost everything which could grate upon the lady's ear or offend her eye. One Mr. O'Reilly, indeed, of South Great George's street, hoisted on the top of his house a large black banner, displaying the crowneless harp; and draped his windows with black curtains, showing the words "Famine and Pestilence:" but the police burst into his house, viciously tore down the flag and curtains, and rudely thrust the proprietor into jail. One other incident of the royal visit will be enough:—

"The *Freeman* says, that on passing through Parkgate street, Mr. James Nugent, one of the guardians of the North Union, approached the royal carriage, which was moving rather slowly, and, addressing the queen, said: 'Mighty monarch pardon Smith O'Brien.' Before, however, he had time to get an answer, or even to see how her majesty received the application, Lord Clarendon rode up and put him aside; and the cortege again set out at a dashing pace, which it maintained until it drew up opposite the Vice-regal Lodge in the park."

On the whole, however, the viceroy's precautions against any show of disaffection, were, I take shame to say it, complete and successful. Nine out of ten citizens of Dublin eagerly hoped that her majesty would make this visit the occasion of a "pardon" to O'Brien and his comrades. Lord Clarendon's organs, therefore, and his thousand placemen and agents of every grade, diligently whispered into the public ear that the queen would certainly pardon the state prisoners, if she were not insulted by Repeal demonstrations—in short, if there was not one word said about those prisoners. The consequence was, that no whisper was heard about the Repeal, nor about the state prisoners—except only the exclamation of silly Mr. Nugent to his "Mighty monarch."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF COLORADO.

Strong Resolutions Adopted by That Body in Favor of Amnesty to Irish Political Prisoners.

WHEREAS, The Right Hon. William E. Gladstone, Premier of England, and the Right Hon. John Morley, Chief Secretary for England in Ireland, have evinced a desire to grant to the Irish people a measure of self-government, and

WHEREAS, In times of bitter racial hate between England and Ireland, when hardly a bond of sympathy existed between these peoples, and in periods of panic and disquiet, American citizens of Irish extraction were convicted of alleged complicity in dynamite offenses on evidence since known to be faint and unreliable, for which those American citizens still suffer in English prisons, and

WHEREAS, We believe that the release of those American citizens would conduce to truer feelings of friendship and brotherhood between the peoples of England and Ireland, and would further conciliate Irish national sentiment in this country. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Ninth General Assembly of the State of Colorado, desire to record our belief, that a general amnesty to those prisoners will tend to the better end of good government, and that the clemency of the English executive administration, if exercised in their behalf will contribute to a more settled opinion among the Irish-American citizens of this State, and be it further

Resolved, That engrossed copies of this resolution be sent to the Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, M. P., Right Hon. John Morley, M. P., Hon. John E. Redmond, M. P., and Hon. Justin McCarthy, M. P., of the House of Commons, England.

OBITUARY

MR. JAMES RABBITT.

Mr. James Rabbitt, of Castle-Blakney, county Galway, Ireland, died peacefully at his residence, on Feb. 21. The announcement of the death of Mr. Rabbitt will be met with deserved regret by all his acquaintances, he being a man of a most amiable disposition. His children in this city, who have always entertained an unusual filial tenderness for their parents, will be grief stricken over the death of their good father. The deceased has seven children in this city, James, Sabina, Luke, Nora, Thomas and William Rabbitt, and Mrs. Clancy. We tender to them our sympathies in their sad bereavement.

Does Protection Protect?

Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Brenner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

NASHVILLE HONORS EMMET.

Celebration of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Anniversary of the Patriot's Birth.

Hon. O'Neil Ryan, of St. Louis, Delivers An Eloquent Oration and a Banquet of 125 Plates Follows.

[*Nashville American, Mar. 5.*]

The 115th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet was celebrated yesterday among Irishmen everywhere. Nashville was not an exception. It has never been an exception in this particular since the Robert Emmet Club was organized many years ago and it never will be so long as this club continues to live.

Watkins Hall contained a splendid audience and the entertainment took the form of a musical programme, followed by an oration from Hon. O'Neil Ryan, of St. Louis. The Italian band occupied the southwest corner of the hall and regaled the audience before the evening's exercises were begun.

The concert, which was arranged by Mrs. J. M. Coyle, wife of the genial physician of that name, was an attractive one, and varied in its composition. Mrs. Coyle herself sang and was given an ovation. Her reception was so cordial and her songs were so delightful that she was forced to respond to two encores. For the first she gave "The Tipperary Boys" as a recitative and it evoked unlimited applause.

Mrs. Kate Gillespie sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," and it is applicable to the occasion to say that she has rarely, if ever, sang with finer effect. Her voice was full of melody and deeply colored with sympathy and pathos. She was heartily encored. There are few singers gifted with such a voice of full richness and meaning, and her appearance is always a pleasure. Mr. Charles Sawrie sang delightfully "The Midshipmite," a baritone solo. Misses Braid and Orchard played in a charming manner a duet at the piano. Master Melburn Clements performed with astonishing skill a violin solo, with a piano accompaniment by Prof. Elsman. Miss Mattie Kirkpatrick evoked a round of applause with a recitation of "Our Boy," which she followed with a comic piece. Misses Wallace and Eckhardt, and Messrs. Wallace and McCarthy gave a pleasing banjo quartette number and responded to a very hearty encore. Mr. Leon Miller gave a very well interpreted Gavott on the violincello with a piano accompaniment by Prof. Eisemau, and a quartette of voices, composed of Messrs. Anders, Gamble, Sawrie and Doak, made their first public appearance, singing a ballad. Their success was acceded immediately and they were compelled to sing again. The quartette has material that can be whipped into good shape with due effort. A pleasing feature interjected into the programme was two comic Irish songs without musical accompaniment, by Mr. Patrick Britton. This gentleman has recently come to Nashville direct from Ireland, and his songs were types of the genuine Irish street song. The audience recognized this element in his performance and rewarded him with its approval. A number of the numbers on the programme were accompanied.

The speaker of the evening was introduced by Judge M. M. Trecy, chairmain of the reception committee, in a happy speech, fraught with sentiments of Irish patriotism and respect for the memory of Robert Emmet.

Mr. Ryan, who was accompanied upon the stage by a half dozen prominent members of the Emmet Club, began his speech at a quarter before 10 and closed at a quarter before 11 o'clock. He is small in stature, but graceful, and he is gifted with a natural oratory, to which he gives expression in a strong, clear and resonant voice. He was in a fine mood, evidently, and caught the hearts of the audience by complimenting the performers who had taken part in the concert, and the city of Nashville for its contributions to the list of the country's greatest men. He had been at the Hermitage during the forenoon, he said, and had stood with reverence and pride at the tomb of Andrew Jackson, the man of undaunted and preeminent patriotism, and who had shed glory upon his illustrious State. There was no need to tell the people of Tennessee or Nashville of the virtues of Andrew Jackson. For himself he took a sublime pride in the fact that this great man was of Irish origin.

Tonight, in Irish traditions, is natal night distinctively, said the speaker, wherever Irishmen are assembled, in whatever part of the world.

The speaker said it would be a useless task for him to go back over the history of Ireland on this occasion, but he, nevertheless, recalled in terse language much of that history and with a master hand outlined the chief events of Irish annals from the time when Patrick found there a race of pagans and left it a race of Christian people to the present day. He reviewed the condition of Europe at the time when Robert Emmet was born, and traced the struggle for Irish freedom through the period of something more than 100 years since that most notable event. He recalled the characters of the men who have dominated the course of Irish events. The sense of freedom in the hearts of this people has, he exclaimed, been only intensified by the passing centuries. It lives inextinguishably in their souls, and it has followed them into every clime with undiminished fervor.

The liberties of no race have, he submitted, been won by treaty. In every instance it has been accomplished by the sword. Andrew Jackson did not end the war at New Orleans by a treaty but by the sword. That transcendant genius, Edmund Burke, said justice could be had from England only by the sword. Froude, an English historian, says the liberties of a nation are not to be won in debating societies, but on the field of battle, or it is perishable.

"Ireland will ever claim the right to extort freedom unless it is given her by constitutional measures," said the speaker, and the sentiment met with applause.

He paid an impassioned tribute to Irish women in referring to Emmet's mother, who had supported him through Ireland's darkest period and her son's greatest afflictions.

"Fenianism laid the foundation for all that has come since," said he, "and Charles Stuart Parnell made the Irish movement what it is." (Applause.)

"The England that denies us our rights is to be hated and fought against," he declared. (Applause.)

The speaker declared himself unqualifiedly a separatist. The Irish people should take what they can get, he thought, but complete separation from England is what they want. If they cannot get it now they can wait. She is entitled to get it in any way and by any means she can. He asked for universal amnesty among other things and declared that the present parliamentary measure was but partially satisfactory.

The speech was punctuated with a great deal of applause, and the speaker unquestionably inspired his auditors with his own patriotic fire.

After the exercises closed a banquet was served at Gerding's to the club and a number of friends and many ladies, numbering altogether not less than 125 banqueters, during which the Italian band discoursed appropriate music.

The Study of Local History.

We teach our children of the glorious deeds of the Greeks at Thermopylæ, of Napoleon at Austerlitz, of Ney at Waterloo, of Sheridan at Winchester. Why not teach them as well of the brave deeds of their ancestors here at home? asks Winfield S. Nevins in the March *New England Magazine*. Our school histories tell of Bunker Hill and Concord and Lexington, and other home events, in the same general way that they tell of Saratoga and Yorktown; enough, perhaps, for a general study. But the children of Charlestown should know the story of Bunker Hill in detail; the children of Concord and Lexington should be taught the details of that April day in 1775. What more honorable pages in all our history than those that tell us of the deeds of the men of Marblehead, on land and sea, in 1775, in 1812, and again in 1861—the pages that tell of Mugford and Gerry and Story, of Phillips and Martin? Yet how little of this the children of that town find in their school histories! We might go on with the story of the first armed resistance to British aggression at the North Bridge in Salem, the resistance of the Worcester yeomen to the Mandamus councillors, the struggles at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and other historic episodes all over New England. There is hardly a town in New England that is not the birthplace, or has not been the home, of some man or woman whose memory the whole country or perhaps all the world delights to honor.

Nature's Surest Ally.

If nature did not struggle against disease, even in weakly constitutions, swift indeed would be the course of a malady to its fatal termination. While nature thus struggles let us, lest worse befall us, aid her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide in battles with disease, and that "lamp to our feet" indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thorough ally of nature. If the blood be infected with bile, if the bowels and stomach are inactive, if the kidneys fail to expel impurities of which they are the natural outlet, a course of the Bitters is the surest reliance of the sufferer, one, moreover, that is sanctioned by professional indorsement and use for nearly half a century. No American or foreign remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy for and preventive of chronic liver complaint, malaria, constipation, kidney and rheumatic trouble and debility.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The best way to cure scalp diseases, hair falling, dandruff, dryness and baldness is to use the remedy known for that purpose—Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XII—(Continued.)

Leaving the scene of conflict far behind them, on galloped pursuer and pursued. The fifty yards that had at first intervened between the flying steeds was soon reduced to twenty.

Still on they careered.

And now Edmund saw the white face of Kathleen looking toward him over the trooper's shoulder, and saw also her waving arm beckoning him onward.

Suddenly the fugitive turned, pistol in hand, and fired a flying shot at his pursuer. As the latter felt the bullet whistle by his right ear he recognized the truculent features of his enemy.

Setting his teeth, and drawing a pistol from his holsters, he continued to urge his horse onward at its greatest speed.

Again Harrison faced round and presented another pistol, taking deliberate aim—and, oh! what a malignant eye glanced along the barrel of the levelled weapon.

Bang!

The pursuer's horse reared wildly, fell on its knees, and commenced to kick in its death agony: Harrison's ball had entered its chest.

A mocking shout sounded in Edmund's ears as he disengaged himself from his fallen steed. Raising the pistol he still held in his hand, he took steady aim at the legs of the black horse, for he dared not aim high, least he might injure his betrothed. He fired and missed. Dashing the useless weapon to the ground, he gazed in mortification after the now distant and disappearing object of his pursuit. As he did so the despairing shriek of Kathleen, succeeded by the harsh, ironical cheer of her captor, came borne to his ears on the morning air.

And then, the young insurgent, in a paroxysm of bitter grief, wretchedness, and despair, cast himself on his face in the heather, shrouding his eyes with his hands to shut out from his sight what seemed to be the most mocking brightness and beauty of the radiant summer morning.

There, in a deep hollow, amid the heather, he lay for a long time mute and motionless, a prey to his gloomy thoughts. When Hamilton and his reduced force of horse and foot marched hastily by on their route to Manor-Hamilton, in full retreat from the Irish troops, none of the Puritans suspected that one of the hated Irish lay among the broom within a few yards of them, silent and prostrate in absorbing agony of mind.

* * * * * *

But what, in the meantime, of the Puritan rearguard and their poor maniac guide? It is nearly time to satisfy the reader's interest with regard to them.

After leaving Sligo they marched, a dark, rapidly-moving body, on the road towards Manor Hamilton, the white clad form of MacSharry leading the van. Although most of them were acquainted with the main features of the country they were traversing, and in daylight could travel it well enough, their knowledge of the various rugged roads was but imperfect, and under the darkness of night they were soon puzzled regarding their whereabouts. All they could do, therefore, under the circumstances, was to trust in the good faith of their strange and uncouth guide—and this they did with much and manifest reluctance. Their leader, Leviston, kept an eagle eye on the movements of MacSharry, and occasionally plied that individual with alternate threats and cajolery. Now he showed him the muzzle of a pistol, and anon promised him ample reward, should he lead them in safety to Manor Hamilton.

"Follow, Albanach, follow!" was the maniac's usual response.

At length, as the Scots found themselves conducted among confused piles of rocks, dark clumps of trees, across rapid babbling brooks, up stony hillsides, and down deep glens, their suspicions began to be aroused, and they eyed the spectral figure of their guide with no pleasant looks.

"De'il tire me, Leviston!" exclaimed a musketeer, wrathfully, "all this smells of treason and treachery. I almost ken that yon papist catteran who haulds our lives in his hands means to betray us among those d—d reeks and braes, where nane but auld Clootie lives, I warrant ye."

"Dinna fash, Duncan, dinna fash," was the reply; "the chiel's mair canny and leal than ye wad speer; anither hour or twa and we'll be eating bannocks o' hot bread and drinking ale at hame in Manor Hamilton."

"I maun e'en doot what you say," responded the other, striving to pierce the darkness that surrounded them.

Had they known the awful project revived in the crafty, vengeance-plotting, though confused brain of the maniac, their suspicion and alarm would have been inconceivably greater.

"Keep close, men, and hauld your weapons ready!" was the word; and the Puritans, in a close and compact body—none straggling, through fear of being cut off by supposed lurking enemies—continued their rapid march. They ran when their guide ran, and lessened their pace when he abated his.

At length, after climbing the slope of a hill, MacSharry burst into a run down the opposite incline, while close on his heels rushed the panting Puritans. Suddenly the white figure of the maniac disappeared over the brink of a terrific chasm that yawned darkly at their feet, and ere they could recover themselves the doomed men were precipited into the frightful gulf.

A chorus of wild and dismal shrieks floated on the night air and then up from the rocky depths of the gloomy chasm came a succession of dull, horrible thuds, each freighted with its own tale of destruction.

* * * * * *

The beams of the rising sun shone on a dreadful spectacle—on the torn and mangled bodies of men and horses lying amid rocks that were sprinkled with their gore. The strange being whose wild brain had plotted this act of vengeance had avoided the fate of his victims by clinging to a sapling that grew at the summit of the fatal cliff; the terrible MacSharry was alive for further vengeance.

The scene of the event is still pointed out, and is known to the peasantry by the name of Leim-na-nAlbanach, signifying the Scotchmen's Leap.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WILD ROSE IN DANGER.

A high gibbet, whose gaunt and hideous limbs were green with rain, and from whose fatal cross-beam many a poor "Irish rogue" had been launched into another world, stood on the hill adjoining the castle of Manor Hamilton—and this hideous object, rendered tenfold more hideous by two ghastly pendant corpses that swayed and turned at every rude breeze that buffeted them, was that which first met the shuddering gaze of a delicate female captive whenever she ventured to glance from the narrow window of her cell.

The prison in which Kathleen was now eating away her fluttering girlish heart in an almost continual round of oppressive memories, regrets, and apprehensions, was a small chamber on the second story of the castle. It was a comfortless, bare-walled, and poorly furnished room, lighted by one small glazed and grated window. In one corner lay a wretched mattress, which our heroine, to her great loathing, was compelled to share nightly with her relentless guardian—a spiteful crone, as repulsive for the grossness of her language as for the filthiness of her person. This stern Gorgon kept her under continual lock and key, and brought her her meals—of which she helped herself to large "perquisites"—and attended and watched her during her daily half-hour's airtaking on the battlements—a privilege which Kathleen alone of all the prisoners enjoyed.

Gilbert Harrison paid his captive a daily visit, which usually lasted an hour, and this was the most trying and disagreeable incident in the dull routine of Kathleen's daily existence. During that hated hour her prison was to her a hell.

Oh, how she shuddered and trembled each succeeding evening as that coarse, blustering voice sounded in the passage without, as the door swung open on creaking hinges, and the evil face of her persecutor glared in upon her!

The man was puzzled what to make of the girl, now that she was indeed all weak and helpless in his clutches. At least his conduct towards her implied as much. His visits to her were for the most part made at the close of the day, after his return from a mission of plunder or an adventurous reconnaissance, and then he was usually under the effects of deep potations, as if he were afraid to trust himself in her presence without the aid of the false spirit that springs from the wine cup. Staggering clumsily in, he would seat himself before her, with glaring eyes and flushed countenance, and in a deep, husky voice give vent to a rambling and intoxicated address, partly to her, partly to himself, while sometimes it would seem as if he were speaking to a fiendish and mysterious *alter ego*, or genius of evil, that watched over and influenced him in his inebriated moments.

"Aha, my lass, comfortable, as usual, I see (hic); that's right—and waiting for me, too;—eh, devilish pleasant, that! Why, I mean to marry you one of these days—d—n me, but do!—don't look (hic) so confoundedly glum, you sly puss. See here, my good girl, you have every right to be (hic) grateful to me: you have. I say, for 'tis I who keep you from the hangman's rope. Sir Frederick is anxious that you should swing; and curse me but dandier necks than yours have already been stretched on the gallows there without. Tremble not, love; you shall live to be the wife of Gilbert Harrison."

So he went on. And the poor girl shuddered as her ears were assailed by the vile utterances of one who seemed to have no pity or consideration for her modesty, and who laughed with infamous complacency at her every blush of shame and confusion. But deeply outraged though it was, that same modesty, erst nurtured in the pious home of her childhood, where it had bloomed forth as a beauteous lily, pure, lovely, and natural, was often the means of ridding Kathleen of her enemy by cutting him short in his drunken harangue; for there were times when he would quail, strong ruffian though he was, before the indignant flash of her dark eyes, and, after lingering for a few moments in confusion and indecision, slink from the chamber like a beaten dog.

Beyond Harrison and the wizened crone who guarded her, our heroine never conversed with any of the inmates of the castle—that is, if we except a solitary interview which she had one day with the wife of the baronial owner, who entered her bleak cell to gaze on her with mere womanly curiosity, and that of a very chilling and contemptuous kind.

But little sympathy or help die Kathleen get from Sir Frederick's lady—a tall, stiff, and starched personage, dressed *de rigueur* in cold, Puritan style—a dame whose rigid and stony features, low eyebrows, gray eyes, and thin, compressed lips bespoke her character. As the captive daughter of the O'Cuirnins knelt at her feet, uttering a pitiful appeal for mercy and release, this Medusa-like female looked down upon her as she would upon a strange or curious animal, and turned a deaf ear to her passionate entreaties.

"I can do nothing for you, girl," she said, in a freezing tone, and quitted the chamber without further discourse.

Hamilton himself never visited the imprisoned maiden. The latter had caught sight of him on a few occasions, and felt seized with a feeling of terror at the glare of his basilisk eye. In fact, Sir Frederick looked on the maiden as a most useless incumbrance, and but for the voice of Harrison he would soon have adopted a ready means of getting rid of her. Not, indeed, by setting her at liberty, and bidding her go back to her people. The ferocious cruelty that glutted itself upon so many inoffensive females, and watched with delight the dying struggles of poor Grainne O'Dugan, and Grainne Nic Aodh, and Grainne Ny Regan, and the wives of O'Hay and O'Connor, and the daughters of MacConsnava, and other feminine victims who "did sacrifice upon Manor Hamilton gallows," would provide a long rope and a short shrift for the "Irish Papist wench," and the accureed gibbet would bear the weight of the Wild Rose of Lough Gill.

But the *sabreur* of the Swedish wars yielded to the desire of his satellite. Harrison spoke truth when he assured Kathleen he he had saved her from the gallows.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIS LEANAMHAIN.]

Ni raibh mórán tighteadh le feicsint annsna h-áiteachaibh seo, agus ni raibh aon dáil na spéis ag Goillis na ag an mbain-phrionnsa, annsna daoinibh do bhi 'nna g-cómhnuidhe ionnta, agus uile áit a ghlac siad lóistin, no uile theach ann a ndeachaidh siad asteach chualaidh siad sgeulta áidhbheula air robáilidhibh agus gadaighibh do rinne an fhuil do bhi i g-cuisleannaibh na mná óige fuar le faitchios. Budh mhinic dubhairt si le Goillis go mbudh fhearr léithe na leath a rioghachta bheith slán sábháilta as an dtir ghránna sin, agus go deimhin bhi an bharamhuil cheudna ag Goillis. Rinne siad a nditchioll le teacht suor, mar nior shidhbal siad ariamh acht do lá, agus thug siad aire mhaith nach mbéidheadh siad air an mbóthar 'r éis luighe na gréine, agus nior ghlac siad lóistin i dteach air bith nár chualaidh siad tuaraisg mhaith air ó na daoinibh. Mar sin chualaidh siad air a n-aghaidh go cdramach, agus shaoil siad nach mbainfeadh dochar air bith dhóibh go dtiucfadh siad go tir budh nádúrdha, acht bhí siad mealita i n-aindeoin a n-aire agus a g-cáram.

Bhi siad ag dul air an mbóthar cúmhang aon lá amháin agus bhi an áit nios fiadháine 'ná ariamh, eidir dhá shliabh, agus dubhairt uile dhuine air a chuir siad ceist ó mhaidin nach raibh aca acht aistear lae le siúbhal go mbeidheadh siad amuigh aris annsan réidhteach, agus nach raibh acht sligbe bheag le dul annsin, no go mbeidheadh siad annsa' bh-Fraine, agus bhi siad ag deunamh láthgháire le chéile, ag rádh nach fada anois go mbeidheadh an turas tríobloideach sin criochnuighthe aca faoi dheire. Bhi siad mar sin go greannamhail gan bhrón no ceo orra, agus bhi an meadhon-lae go direach ann, nuair chonnaire siad duine bocht crom ag teacht chuca, agus mála air a dhruim. Chuir siad ceist air-sean mar bhi siad 'gá chur air uile dhuine eile do chasfaidhe orra, "cá fhad bhi sé go mbeidheadh siad annsa' bh-Fraine," agus leig seisean air go raibh iongantus air, nuair chualaidh sé go raibh siad ag triall chum na Fraince. "Ni chum na Fraince atá sibh ag dul air an mbóthar so," ar sé, "bheurfaidh an bóthar so go h-oiléán na bhfathach sibh, agus is ole an áit do dhuine air bith í sin, muna bhfuil duine muinntireach aige 'nna measg." Bhi sgannradh orra nuair chualaidh siad sin, agus dubhairt siad leis gur chualaidh siad ó na daoinibh dár fhiafruigh siad an t-eolas gur b'é sin an bealach budh fhoigse. "Cá fhad ó d'fhiafruigh sibh sin d'aon duine?" ar fear na déirce. "Faoi thuairm dá uair ó shoin," ar Goillis. "Ol is furus thuigsint go ndeachaidh sibh air seachrán, mar sin," ar san sean-fhear, "bhi sibh annsa' mbóthar direach air maidin, acht nior thug sibh faoi deara an áit ann a mbuailtear an bóthar chum na Fraince air an mbóthar eile seo, a bheurfadh go tir na bhfathach sibh; má iompaighidh sibh liom-sa anois, cuirfidh me air an g-cosán ceart sibh, mar tá me féin dul chum na Fraince, agus ni'l acht aistear leathuaire air ais aris go mbeidh sibh air an mbóthar sin." Chroid siad-san é, agus thionntaigh siad air ais aris leis, agus 'réis siúbhal air feadh leathuaire no mar sin, thainig siad go deimhin go h-áit ann a raibh cosán, no boithrin beag ag teacht amach as an mbóthar mór, agus ag dul asteach ameasg na genoc.

Sheas Goillis suas, agus dubhairt sé, "ni fheuchann sin cosmhuil leis an mbóthar do bheidheadh dul chum na Fraince, tá sé ró bheag agus ró chúmhang, agus ni l aon chosamhlacht siúbhail air." Rinne an seanduine gaire, "O!" ar seisean, "dá bhfeicfeá an bóithrin seo dá fhichid bliadhain ó shoin nuair bhi miso am' óganach, deurfá nach raibh ann acht cosán coininidh, acht rinne siad sus go deighionach é. Is doilligh bóthar maith do dheunamh annsan tir seo, agus ni raibh an bóthar air a raibh tusa ag imtheacht anois leath chomh maith no chomh leathan a's tá sé, acht go ndéarna na Fathaigh, iad féin, é. Tá an iomarcuidh carraig ann seo le deunamh bóthair cheirt, acht mile d'n áit seo beidh sé ag leathnughadh aris, agus beidh sé 'nna bhóthar breágh sul tá sibh cúig mile imthighthe."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

ABOUT HANDSHAKING

BETTER AS AN INDEX TO CHARACTER THAN HANDWRITING.

The Cold, Metallic Grasp of the Avarice and the Jerk of Simulated Delight, and Then There's the Grip of a Friend, Never to Be Mistaken.

The study of character as indicated by handwriting is largely pursued both for pleasure and for profit, experts claiming that the hidden nature of the most reserved man or woman will infallibly creep out through the finger ends and proclaim itself truly to the practiced eye; that the twist of an "s" or the cross of a "t" may indicate the soul of a saint or the instincts of a sinner, while in the lilliputian dotlet of an "i" ma lurk a whole history of hypocrisy or honesty, kindliness or cruelty.

It may be so. It may be that, while the subject matter is absorbing the mind, well trained by worldly wisdom to lie, the unsophisticated soul slips out in the unguarded formation of the infinite variety of curve and dash which is called handwriting.

It seems, then, that, though the eye is the window of the soul, the hand is certainly the door from which it issues fortn into the world, for none need to be experts to recognize at once the character of man or woman when engaged in the grand old greeting called handshaking.

Variety in handwriting may be infinite, but is it not so in handshaking? And, as a means to unveil hidden thoughts or feelings the latter test must surely be the better, for people write in truth or falsehood and their writing remains the same, but if people greet hypocritically, though their words follow their wit, their hands grasp those they greet as their hearts alone command.

Handshaking, therefore, while in general style it may serve to indicate the character, may also, by individual application, mark the true relation in which the factors stand.

Who has not felt the cold, metallic, avaricious grasp, devoid of warmth or feeling, with which a man of business welcomes you? Does not something creep out of his finger tips, telling you that while his voice says, "How do you do?" his heart feels, "How much shall I make out of you?"

Have not all experienced the jerk of the man who simulates intense delight in the meeting, but involuntarily drops your paw as if he were afraid it would burn him? He probably owes you money, and his handshaking tells you that his joy in the encounter is all a sham.

On the other hand, many are aware, though the experience is more r re, how the grip of a friend whose heart is sincere sends a thrill through their own, and in that moment they know that he reads them as clearly and truly as they understand him. Then it is their turn to drop or retain their warm grasp, as their instincts dictate. But their instincts alone are their rulers.

Again every one knows, or will know sooner or later, that handshaking and lovemaking are inseparable. When love is in the soul, does it not creep out at the finger tips and tell its tale of gladness or woe quicker and more surely than by any other channel? Come, all you noble army of experts in handwriting, can you tell "Does my Phyllis love me truly," though you are shown a gross of her letters? And can you mistake that timid yet trustful pressure of her dainty digits as they meet yours and lin r awhile like a kiss, then drop gently away like a tear?

Examples such as these prove that in the shaking of hands individual relations are revealed and thoughts may undoubtedly be read. By a more general application this process may typify character and broad outline of soul.

Old wise women say that "a cold hand and a warm heart" are always associated. Some venture to think that experience proves this to be a fallacy, at least as concerns the method of shaking hands. A warm, steady pressure, which reveals the pulsation of life, is surely the habit of those whose hearts overflow with the milk of human kindness, whereas a cold, inanimate touch is the natural style of those unemotional machines called heartless humanity.

This is generally recognized, and as all virtues are aped and exaggerated so a certain class, in their anxiety to impress their friendships, torture their victims to the extent of the thumbscrew. But the boarding school miss, who will listlessly lay her hand in yours, must r be too hastily judged, for her manner proclaims that her character as yet is not formed and matured to the icy cold dame, the warm, loving woman, or the fast, flighty, fickle and insincere ape.

The man who shakes your hand violently up and down, then drops it with an air of having done his duty, suggests such thoughts as molded into words might say: "There! Don't say I didn't shake hands with you, whatever else you may say," and thus the fact that he mistrusts you is implied.

The handshaking of the man who, by prolonged pressure, causes uneasiness should probably be read an overweaning value of the favors he confers and anxiety that you should not underestimate his friendship. Such a man may be set down as a victim to conceit, but consciously lacking the fuel on which to feed his master.

The hasty snatch, and still more hasty flingaway, is preferable to either of these modes, for it betrays a self reliant spirit and a happy indifference to good or bad repute. The man with this method of hand shaking is at least no hypocrite, and that is as near as most men come to honesty.

The absurd practice of giving one or two fingers only always seems a deliberate insult, and is doubtless so translated by all students of handshaking. It is a glaring proof of littleness. The heart and mind may be judged to be proportionate with the part proffered.

The method of shaking hands adopted by great men has often been described, although modern interviewers systematically ignore this and give preference to minute details of dress and immediate surroundings.—New York Times.

An Ingenious Lawyer.

The ingenuity of lawyers in making business for themselves is in course of illustration in a reference case now in progress down town. An estate is involved in the litigation. An unsuccessful contest of a will left some of the litigants dissatisfied. This furnished the lawyer his chance. He found that about 125 persons might be entitled to a dip into the estate if the will could be broken. He addressed a note to each of them, proposing to attack the will and tendering his services on a contingent arrangement. In this note he informed them that proceedings would be begun and that he would make defendants of all who did not join his movement. With the apparent necessity forced upon them of accepting his services without charge or hiring various lawyers to protect their interests, they flocked to him.

When proceedings were started, he issued circulars of information to his clients and kept them posted on every move. This involved some trouble and expense, in which the clients were asked to assist. In this way, while rece'ving nothing that could be called a fee from any one, the small contributions of his 125 clients are said to have helped the lawyer's bank account an average of $300 per month. As he is very industrious and does his work earnestly, his clients are glad to help him out, and while he seems to be basing his chances of reward solely on the success of his suit he is making quite a comfortable income.—New York Times.

Sea Monsters of Old.

The kraken was one of the sea monsters of old, and if all the stories told about its wondrous size and doings are true it overshadowed the serpent as much as the latter does the common garter snake. Dandelaus declares that this marine giant caused tidal waves by swallowing a goodly part of the waters of the ocean and then belching them out again. He also makes mention of the fact that its gigantic horny beak was often mistaken for mountain peaks suddenly shoved into sight by the internal convulsions of the earth. Bishop Pontoppidan, a truthful (?) and saintly member of the Copenhagen royal academy, is much more conservative in his estimates of its size, giving it as his opinion that they were seldom found more than "the half of an Italian mile in length and not larger in diameter than the cathedral at The Hague."

He also says that its body was frequently mistaken by sailors for an island, "so that people landed upon it and were engulfed in a maelstrom of water when the creature sank to its hidden ocean den." Other authorities testify that its beak from the eyes to the point "was longer than the mainmast of a man-of-war." We'll take sea serpents in ours.—St. Louis Republic.

Russian Drivers.

Mme. de Ujfalvy-Bourdon, describing her travels in western Siberia, says that for a part of the way she and her husband drove from town to town with horses hired from the Cossacks. They were fine horses and traveled with frightful rapidity. Generally they were unaccustomed to being driven together. Only the middle one—the most docile—was harnessed before the time for starting. The others were not brought out until the driver was on his seat. When the manager of the station pronounced the word "gatof" (ready), the carriage bounded forward. The horses tore madly on for 15 or 20 minutes, and it was hard to tell whether they or the driver had the mastery.

On the plain it was a magnificent drive. When the horses were well started, the driver let the reins hang loose, and they kept up a fine pace. The driver had them well in hand, and there was no danger. he calmed and guided them with wonderful skill. Honor to the Russian coachmen.—Manchester Times.

Difficulties of Smokers.

The Turks are now a nation of smokers, but early in the seventeenth century the priests and rulers denounced smoking as criminal, and Amurath IV ordered its punishment by death in the cruelest forms. One playful punishment consisted in thrusting the pipes of smokers through their noses.

In Russia, at the same period, the noses of smokers were cut off. The powers ecclesiastical were strongly opposed to the new habit, and Popes Urban VIII and Innocent X thundered in turn against the terrible vice of smoking. The papal thunders, however, proved powerless against the charms of St. Nicotine, although there was much reason in those decrees which were directed against the custom of smoking and snuffing in church. Pope Urban excommunicated all who should be guilty of so unbecoming a practice. And later Innocent X solemnly excommunicated all who should take snuff or tobacco in St. Peter's church at Rome.—All the Year Round.

The Pillar of Safety.

Before the erection of the new university buildings in Jena the professors generally held their lectures in various public halls scattered all over the town In the body of one of these halls, where the professor of theology used to hold forth, there stood a large pillar. At the close of the session the students applied to the professor for their certificates of attendance, when the latter remarked to one of the young men:

"But, my dear sir, I never saw you at any of my lectures!"

"Oh, Herr Professor, I always sat behind the pillar."

"Strange!" was the reply. "You are the fourth who professes to have sat regularly behind the pillar."—Tagliche Rundschau.

Father and Son.

Little Bobby—I can't find my hat and coat.

Father (rushing about)—I can't find mine either. I don't see what your mother does with things. She's gone out, and there's nothing for us to do but hunt till we find 'em or else stay in.

Little Bobby (after long thought)—Let's look on the hall rack.—Good News.

KIT CARSON IN ITS PRIME.

It Had Seven Thousand Hustling Citizens Where Now but a Hundred Remain.

"In 1870 you might have traveled 1,000 miles and not have found as lively a town as Kit Carson, Colo.," said Station Agent Billy Dunaway the other day as the Kansas Pacific train lingered before the station house at the now quiet little town on Big Sandy creek in eastern Colorado. "This was then the terminus of the Denver line of the Union Pacific, and you can just bet the camp was a hummer. There were over 7,000 people here, and a gayer crowd you never saw. The population was made up of railroad men, cowboys, mule skinners, gamblers and a preacher.

"The latter was sometimes lonely, but the 6,999 other people in camp were fairly sociable and managed to have a moderately good time, and everything ran wide open, and in the palmiest days of the camp there were 47 saloons, 7 dance halls, 2 theaters and all the other things necessary to the lubrication of existence in the gay and bounding west. For two years things were redhot, with fights, shooting matches and lynching bees nearly every night.

"Some of the old time engineers who were jerking steam over the line then say a regular daily news item in railway circles for awhile was to the effect that a man or two had been hung the night before to the bridge on the Sandy. The lynching of a man for murder was an unusual event, but dire vengeance was wreaked on the petty burglar, horse thief or other unprincipled offender who did not have the nerve to shoot, but sneaked around after dark to do his nefarious work. When dealing faro, the gamblers preserved peace and quietude in the game by wearing two 6-shooters silently swinging from their belts, and when in a game of 'stud' the pack was always secured from being blown away by one of these same free moral agents Some stiff games were played in those days, and when a cowboy came in off the roundup, or when the freighters came in from a long trip off to Mexico and Arizona, or pay day on the line came along, money was stacked a foot high on the cloth.

"After the camp had been running in this way for two years the road was put on through to Denver, and the crowd followed. Where once you could see over 7,000 people there are now a hundred or so, and all that remains of the former glory of this namesake of old Kit Carson is the nameless barnyard you see up there on the hill, a lot of broken beer bottles and desertion."—Denver News.

A Disturber at a Rehearsal.

Julius Eichberg writes: "At the occasion of a musical festival in Dusseldorf I witnessed a scene that produced general and not unjustifiable excitement among those present. It was at the last rehearsal of Beethoven's ninth or choral symphony, and the great hall was filled with people from near and far anxious to hear the then but little known work. While the orchestra played the first movement we noticed a dark bearded, spectacled, middle aged man in the audience, who had a score before him and was gesticulating wildly, being evidently very much dissatisfied with the performance. Suddenly he arose, advanced toward the orchestra and began to shout: "'This is all wrong. It was not thus that my immortal friend, Beethoven, wanted his masterpiece to be played You ought to play it much slower, and in this way.' He began to beat time vigorously to the astonished musicians, entirely ignoring Mendelssohn, who conducted the symphony. At this moment several people forcibly ejected the disturber from the hall. The man was the well known Professor Anton Schindler. Beethoven's constant friend during the last years of his life and the author of a 'Biography of the Master.'"—Boston Journal.

Wearing the Hair In Japan.

Japanese men and women in their own country are distinguished chiefly by their hair. The men shave the crown of the head, while the women not only allow all their own hair to grow, but frequently add to it by purchase. The hair is usually twisted and coiled in the most fantastic way. The higher a woman's rank the more elaborate is her coiffure. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

TO BRACE UP the system after "La Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases; to build up needed flesh and strength, and to restore health and vigor when you feel "run-down" and used-up, the best thing in the world is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promotes all the bodily functions, rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the entire system.

For the most stubborn Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp Diseases, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? It is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, we'll pay you $500 in cash."

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.
Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
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FILLING THE OFFICES.

Some Nominations Made by President Cleveland.

PATRICK COLLINS GOES TO LONDON.

Ex-Governor Gray of Indiana To Be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico—Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts for Assistant Secretary of State—Announcement Made by Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—The president Thursday sent the following nominations to the senate: Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, to be assistant secretary of state; Robert A. Maxwell of New York, to be fourth assistant postmaster general; Isaac P. Gray of Indiana, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary

PATRICK A. COLLINS.

of the United States to Mexico; Patrick A. Collins of Massachusetts, to be consul general of the United States at London; James H. Oakley of Illinois, to be an assistant surgeon in the marine hospital service. Lieutenants junior grade, Herbert O. Dunn, to be a lieutenant; Arthur W. Dod, to be a lieutenant; Ensign Joseph Beale to be a lieutenant; Ensign Edwards E. Leiper to be a lieutenant. Fred Brown Busey of Kentucky and Edward Mansfield Shipp of Virginia to be assistant surgeons in the navy. E. B. Cayle of New Mexico to be receiver of public moneys at Roswell, New Mexico.

Secretary Carlisle Thursday appointed his son, Logan Carlisle, chief clerk of the treasury department, vice Stocks, resigned.

CREDIT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Secretary Carlisle Will Exercise All His Power to Uphold It.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Secretary Carlisle Thursday morning authorized the announcement that he would exercise all the power and discretion vested in him to uphold the credit of the government and to maintain the parity of gold and silver. This statement was made to brush away the endless string of rumors that have gained circulation about what he contemplated doing as to maintaining the gold reserve intact, as to issuing bonds, or as to paying United States notes and United States treasury notes in silver when the free gold was exhausted.

Chicago Offers Gold.

The example of Denver in offering $1,000,000 in gold for treasury notes has been followed by Chicago bankers who Thursday offered $500,000 in gold for United States notes. At the treasury department it is thought that bankers in other cities will do likewise. There is a feeling of relief as to the gold balance at the treasury and unless exports of gold on Saturday are unusually heavy, of which no information has yet been received, the treasury department will have ample gold to supply the demand.

MAY BE SETTLED SOON.

The Boycott on the Ann Arbor Road Ordered Lifted.

TOLEDO, March 13.—The boycott on the Ann Arbor was ordered lifted Monday morning pending a conference with the officials of the company, who have consented to listen to the men. The thirteen connecting lines here were served with injunctions issued the United States circuit court restraining them from refusing to offer and extend to the Ann Arbor Railway company the same equal facilities for interchange of traffic on interstate business between said railway companies as are enjoyed by other railway companies and from refusing to receive from said Ann Arbor Railway company cars billed from points in one state to points in another state. The Ann Arbor company also brought a body of Boyd's detectives from Detroit to guard the yards and trains, but in consequence of the lifting of the boycott by the strikers their services are not required. It is thought that the trouble will be settled soon.

Father Dead, Mother Insane.

CHICAGO, March 13.—William H. Munderlon, imperial German consul and vice president of the board of trade of Montreal, died Sunday at the Great Northern hotel. Up to two days before his death his wife was with him. Day and night she sat by his bedside. Her ceaseless vigils finally unhinged the woman's mind. It was found necessary to take her to an asylum Saturday. The dead man's two sons arrived in the city Sunday, and they are nearly crazed with grief. Mr. Munderlon left an estate valued at $1,000,000.

Switchmen Will Not Strike.

CHICAGO, March 13.—"There will be no strike." This was the information given out by Grand Master Wilson of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid association after an adjournment of a meeting of the grievance committees of the switchmen on the various roads centering in Chicago held at 192 Washington street Sunday afternoon to consider what action should be taken in regard to the refusal of the general managers to grant an increase of wages.

Hundreds Thrown Out of Work.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 13.—The West End breaker at Mocanaqua, operated by the West End Coal company, was destroyed by fire Monday morning. Nearly 300 men and boys are thrown out of employment for an indefinite time. The origin of the fire is supposed to be incendiary. The loss is estimated at $40,000; partially insured.

LEGISLATION FOR ILLINOIS.

The Solons Are Doing Something, But Not Hurrying.

SPRINGFIELD, March 9.—Johnson had his mutual benefit societies bill recommitted in the senate yesterday, and it will probably not be heard of again. The bill for coupons on Australian ballots was passed, and that providing for inspection of building and loan associations ordered to third reading. The same action was taken with the bill requiring foreign similar associations to file bond for $100,000. The resolutions for an investigation of the charges against the late officers of Joliet penitentiary were passed. C. A. Warren, a Chicago insurance man, was excluded from the floor by a vote of 27 to 7 for statements made in an interview. Bills were introduced appropriating $250,000 for machinery for Joliet penitentiary and $100,000 for expenses, and prohibiting public warehousemen from speculating in grain.

The house sent to third reading a bill absolutely prohibiting pool selling anywhere and any time. Bills appropriating for Joliet penitentiary similar to the senate bills were introduced. Nearly the whole day was taken up trying without success to reconsider the defeat of a bill to pave the streets around the state house.

SPRINGFIELD, March 11.—The bill to enable cities and villages to own electric light plants was made special order for Tuesday in the senate yesterday on a motion to refer. Johnson introduced his original insurance bill with a proviso that it shall not be construed to affect the voluntary associations that objected to it; referred. O'Connor, Green, Arnold, Allen, Manecke, Bacon and Howell were appointed the committee to investigate the Joliet penitentiarr charges, and the senate adjourned to Monday.

The house was to have adjourned at 11 a. m., but a debate intervened and prevented it, whereat Berry started to leave willy-nilly. He was arrested and forced to stay, and proceeded to give the house a berating. He was finally excused, but declared he had been submitted to an outrage. The speaker later calmed him by promising that the whole matter would be expunged from the journal. The whole session nearly was taken up with the wrangle and motions to adjourn, the only business done being the adoption of a memorial to congress to abandon the work on dams in the Illinois river and use the money to deepen the channel.

SPRINGFIELD, March 14.—There was not a quorum in either branch of the general assembly when the two houses convened yesterday. In the senate one bill was introduced and an adjournment was taken. In the house Berry objeced to the reading of the journal, making the point that the reading of the journal was transacting business, and that as no quorum was present no business could be transacted. His point was sustained.

Whisky Trust Investigation.

CHICAGO, March 10.—The joint committee appointed by the Illinois legislature to investigate the workings of the Cattle Feeders' and Distilling company, commonly known as the Whisky Trust, arrived in the city from Springfield Friday morning and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon inaugurated the investigation at the Sherman house. The witnesses summoned for the first day's session included a large number of wholesale liquor dealers and wholesale druggists. The resolution under which the investigation will be carried recites that the trust conspires to stamp out competition, terrorize consumers, extort unlawfully the money of the people and jeopardize life and property.

Mob Got There First.

MEMPHIS, March 13.—Rufus Haywood, a colored planter, was assassinated by Lee Walton, a notorious negro desperado, at Nitta Yuma, Miss. After robbing his victim Walton fled, but was run down and captured by bloodhounds. He was taken to Nitta Yuma, where he was being guarded by the sheriff until the arrival of the train for Rolling Fork, the county seat. Just before the train arrived a mob of 500 negroes overpowered the sheriff and took the murderer to the scene of his crime, where he was hanged to a limb and his body filled with bullets.

Injured by a Falling Tower.

CHICAGO, March 10.—Four men at work on a tower on a three-story building at Sixty-fifth and State streets, were all badly injured about 1:30 Friday afternoon by being buried beneath the ruins of the collapsed turret. They are: William Herr, John Grosbeck, Julius Lampke, Frank Simonds. The last named, Simonds, has internal injuries and will die. The men had just gone to work on the tower when it collapsed from unknown causes.

Fatal Blaze at Grinnell, Ia.

GRINNELL, March 10.—The loss of the Spalding Manufacturing company from the fire is estimated at $35,000 above insurance. The company has ordered new material and work will be started as soon as machinery can arrive. Eighty hands are thrown out of work. L. E. Gehr, who was at work in the trimming department, perished. His charred remains were found in the ruins Thursday morning. He leaves a wife and one child.

Big Gun at the World's Fair.

CHICAGO, March 10.—One of the biggest guns owned by the United States government was brought to Jackson park Thursday and unloaded in Uncle Sam's building on the lake shore. The gun weighs 146,000 pounds and throws a projectile weighing 1,000 pounds twelve miles. Every time the gun is discharged it burns 400 pounds of powder. This monster was built at Watervliet arsenal, West Troy, N. Y.

Kansas Legislature.

TOPEKA, March 13.—The legislature did not adjourn Saturday night. The session lasted until 2 o'clock Sunday morning. Final adjournment was had Monday. Several important laws were passed. One makes it illegal to require a gold contract in notes, mortgages and other obligations, and makes silver, as well as gold, a legal tender for all debts in Kansas. This is a Populist measure.

Death of Luke Schoolcraft.

CINCINNATI, March 13.—Luke Schoolcraft, the famous minstrel, died here last night. Heart disease was the cause. Schoolcraft was a member of the Russell Comedy company and played at the Walnut street threatre Saturday night.

Show Case Works Burned.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 10.—The showcase manufactory of L. Pavlee, a four-story brick building at 218 and 220 Third avenue south, burned Friday morning. The cause of the fire is unknown. Loss, $40,000; insurance, $30,000.

BY WATER AND FLAMES

Great Damage Caused Throughout the Country.

DESTRUCTIVE FLOODS IN MICHIGAN.

The River at Grand Rapids at the Highest Point Reached in Forty-Two Years—The Kalamazoo River on a Rampage—Great Damage from High Water in the Empire State—Costly Conflagrations in Several Cities.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., March 14.—The river is still rising and is now at the highest point reached in forty-two years. Scores of factories, mills, etc., have shut down. Over on the west side perhaps a hundred houses are surrounded by water. Scores of families have moved out in boats and much suffering ensues, especially as the weather has changed and a blizzard is blowing. More ice is running. Confusing reports reach here relative to the condition of the river above here, but the fact remains that the rise is steady and continued here. The Evening Press' mechanical department is flooded out, the water being four feet above the fire box of the boiler. The type, etc., was removed to higher ground. A slight additional rise will affect The Morning Herald.

The Kalamazoo River.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., March 14.—The Kalamazoo river is keeping up its record with other state rivers, and its banks are flooded for half a mile on either side. One hundred houses are surrounded with water and there is a little Venice on the east side. Many small buildings have had to be anchored and some have been swept away. The Howlandsburg dam, which holds back Gull lake, has gone out. At Plainwell the dam has gone out, and the Otsego dam holds back a lake covering 8,000 acres. Great trouble is feared here as the result of the greatly increased volume of water from the heavy rain which fell Monday night.

The Grand River.

GRAND HAVEN, Mich., March 14.—Grand river is rapidly rising and inside of forty-eight hours it will reach high water mark. All dock owners are clearing their docks and warehouses. The Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee railroad bridge between this city and Ferrysburg is being braced and gangs of men are watching it day and night. Word was received that a farmhouse near Mortonville was washed away and the family narrowly escaped with their lives.

Heavy Loss in the East.

SCANECTADY, N. Y., March 14.—The disastrous flood in the Mohawk river has caused damage to the extent of at least $1,500,000.

RONDOUT, N. Y., March 14.—The great ice gorge below the dam at Eddyville broke about 3:30 p. m. rushed down the creek, struck the Cornell fleet, which winters here, and swept almost every steamboat and forty or fifty other boats into the river.

Overflow of the Mississippi.

KEOKUK, Ia., March 14.—The pressure of rising waters in the Mississippi river caused the levee which protects the land of the Illinois bottoms in the Lima lake district, opposite Canton, Mo., to break Monday night and the lands are being overflowed to a depth of two and three feet. The damage will be heavy.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Hundred Thousand Dollar Blaze at Baltimore—Cotton Mill Burned.

BALTIMORE, March 14.—The five-story building, corner of Wells and Light streets, occupied by Matthai, Ingram & Co., for the manufacture of tin and japanned ware, was almost entirely destroyed by fire Tuesday morning with its contents. The fire is supposed to have started in the engine room. Owing to the inflammable material in the building, the fire gained rapidly and in a short time the entire structure was enveloped. The loss is about $100,000 and fully covered by insurance.

Flames in a Cotton Mill.

EXETER, N. H., March 14.—Fire broke out in the Exeter cotton mills about 4 o'clock Tuesday morning. It started in the basement and burned up through the building, destroying the engine room and the older part of the mill, which was destroyed once before. The new part of the mill was saved. The fire was under control at 9:30. Loss estimated at $250,000. Three persons were injured. Two hundred and forty hands are thrown out of employment.

Fire at Chicago.

CHICAGO, March 14.—Fire Tuesday morning in the building 36 Clybourne avenue, occupied on the first floor by the Enterprise Tailoring company and on the second by the St. John's Mission chapel, caused a loss of $30,000. The fire is supposed to have originated from an overheated furnace flue.

Depot and Elevator Burned.

DES MOINES, Ia., March 14.—Fire at Polk City destroyed the C. and N. W. depot, Lockwood's elevator, 300 cords of woods belonging to the railroad and a quantity of fence lumber belonging to private parties.

CLOSED ITS DOORS.

A Kansas Bank of Which Ex-Senator Ingalls Is President.

ATCHISON, March 14.—The Kansas Trust and Banking company, of which ex-Senator Ingalls is president, closed its doors at 7 o'clock Monday evening. The liabilities of the concern are estimated at $800,000 and the assets will probably reach $700,000. The company owns 30,000 acres of land in Kansas and about $20,000 worth of property in this city. R. M. Manley, general manager, loses $250,000. Freeland Tufts of Kansas City was appointed receiver by Judge Foster in the United States court at Topeka. There was about $30,000 on deposit when the bank closed its doors.

Terrible Mine Disaster.

KANSAS CITY, March 14.—A special to The Star from McAllister, I. T., says that an explosion has occurred at coal mine No. 1 of the Choctaw Coal company, at Anderson, I. T., early Tuesday morning. Seven men are reported killed and many wounded. It was caused by the ignition of dust or fire damp; it is not definitely known which. Particulars are difficult to obtain, and the names of the killed and injured have not been ascertained.

THE HAWAIIAN QUESTION.

What Dr. Mott Smith Says Concerning the Situation.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—Referring to the proposed Hawaiian commission, Dr. Mott Smith, Hawaiian minister, said Monday: "A native government is simply impossible henceforth in the face of everything that has occurred. What Kaiulani poor child, wants, I do not know. She cannot assume the throne, for her aunt has

PRINCESS KAIULANI.

not abdicated. I don't see how the United States government can put her on the throne and ignore the existence and prior claims of the queen. I am dreading some personal quarrel between the United States and English sailors that will give the latter power an opportunity to step in and assume an aggressive attitude. In case the United States refuses to annex Hawaii the provisional government, in my opinion, would struggle to maintain the independence of the islands.

The Proposed Commission.

Now that Princess Kaiulani and suite have attained the object of their visit to Washington—that of seeing the president—the remainder of their time here will be spent in social affairs and visiting the interesting places about the capital city. Saturday next is the time fixed for their departure. The propositions to send a United States commission to the islands and to take a vote of the people are looked upon with favor by Mr. Davies. He said Tuesday morning that of the 14,000 voters on the islands 10,000 were averse to annexation, "and," added Mr. Davies, "I don't see under these circumstances how the United States can take such a step."

HAD MANY VICTIMS.

Arrest of a Man Who Used the Mails for Fraud.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—The treasury department is advised of the arrest at Detroit of Ellmer T. McArthur, an ex-convict, who has been engaged in swindling people in Indiana and Illinois. His plan was to send a printed circular stating that a valuable package from Canada was detained at the Detroit custom house addressed to the party receiving the circular, but was held awaiting the payment of the custom dues, usually from $3 to $5. The circular had the name of the United States collector on the head with O. H. Small as cashier. All parties were directed to return the circular for filing purposes. A large number of people have been victimized by McArthur, and when arrested he had in his possession thirty-four letters with remittances in them in postal notes, etc.

For Mayor of Chicago.

CHICAGO, March 14.—Samuel W. Allerton was duly nominated for mayor at a mass-meeting of citizens held at Battery D Monday evening. Lyman J. Gage presided and made a speech, as did John V. Farwell, Joel M. Longenecker, and others, and they all insisted on the necessity of a non-partisan candidate and a business administration of the city's affairs during the next two years. Mr. Allerton was then put in nomination and the choice ratified with enthusiasm.

Compliment to Ex-Senator Dawes.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—Ex-Senator Henry L. Dawes, whose continuous service of thirty-six years as representative of the state of Massachusetts in the national congress, equally divided between the upper and lower branches, ended on the 4th inst. by voluntary retirement, was complimented by his former associates by a dinner Monday night at the Arlington. A large number of senators and other officials were present.

Another Clerical Error.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—During the last session of congress $37,000 was appropriated with which to pay employes of the bureau of engraving and printing and to meet incidental expenses during the present fiscal year. It has just been discovered that the engrossed bill signed by the president only carried the sum of $37. The clerical error cannot be rectified until congress again convenes.

Left Her Money to Charity.

CHICAGO, March 14.—It will be an agreeable surprise to the directors of a number of charitable institutions who are beneficiaries under the provisions of a will left by one who was entirely unknown to them. Nearly $100,000 is devoted to charitable purposes by Mrs. Julia M. Tompkins, widow of William F. Tompkins, whose useful life came to an end a short time ago.

Perished in a Blizzard.

ST. PAUL, March 14.—From Bayfield, Wis., comes the report of one death from the blizzard. George Coleman was found forty rods from the shore on the ice of Chequamegon bay frozen. He was caught in the storm, which came up in an instant, and wandered about until exhausted. At Washburn, Wis., it is reported two men have certainly perished.

Failure at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, March 14.—Henry Glass & Co., dealers in and shippers of hogs, made an assignment Tuesday for the benefit of creditors. The liabilities are estimated at $50,000 or more, with the total amount of assets unknown. Robert H. Cockran of Trinway, O., is a special partner for $16,000 and is not liable beyond that amount.

Customs Receipts Increasing.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—Customs receipts are increasing and during the month of March it is anticipated that they will foot up $18,000,000. For the first ten days of this month the receipts at the port of New York from customs have aggregated $4,200,000, as against $3,905,000 for the corresponding period of last year.

FATAL FIRE AT BOSTON

Three Persons Lose Their Lives at a Conflagration.

THE PECUNIARY LOSS IS $4,500,000.

Hospitals Filled with Maimed Victims Who Were Forced to Jump from the Windows of the Burning Building—Terrible Accident to a Number of Italians in a Railway Tunnel Caused by a Hand Car Crashing into a Freight Train.

BOSTON, March 13.—Fire in this city Friday destroyed property valued in the millions and resulted in the death and injury of a number of persons. The fire occurred at about 4:30 o'clock, when the streets were filled with people. It started in the big building, corner Essex and Lincoln, owned by Fred L. Ames, which had several occupants, but most of the building was leased to Horace Partridge, the big dealer in toys and small wares. This was his wholesale department and the floors were packed to the roof with toys of all kinds. In one room was a big lot of fireworks and they went off with a rush. The cry of fire aroused all the employes, but before even those on that floor could reach the stairs the flames had preceded them. The horror of the situation cannot adequately be told. In two minutes the firemen had spread their fire nets and rescued a score of people. In five minutes the flames were pouring from every window of the great six-story building and the firemen were forced back, knowing there were people within whom it was impossible to reach.

Three Lives Lost.

From the third floor where the fire started the flames had worked upward and downward so rapidly that escape was cut off to all above the fourth floor. The hospitals were filled with the maimed victims who were forced to jump from the windows and there were anxious inquiries for many others who could not be accounted for. Of the property loss of $4,500,000 a little over $1,000,000 is on the buildings and the remainder on stock. This is covered by an insurance within $400,000 of the total loss. Only three persons are known to have lost their lives. The injured will number more than a score. Every street in the heart of the fire district is covered with a heap of the wildest mass of destruction. Following is a list of the dead as far as known: Leonidas H. Redpath, senior partner in the firm of Redpath Bros. Manufacting company, died at the hospital; Fred Meadowcraft, 23 years old, jumped from the third story and fell on his head, died on way to hospital; unknown man.

DEATH IN THE TUNNEL.

Frightful Collision of a Hand Car with a Freight Train.

PITTSBURG, March 13.—Out of the dark gloom of the city tunnel of the Pittsburg, & Junction railroad into the valley of death plunged a hand car full of Italian laborers at an early hour Friday morning. The men were going to work and followed a freight train. They entered the tunnel about ten minutes after the freight had passed. They supposed the track was clear and were late on account of having lost time by waiting for the freight. The car went sailing along at a speed of twenty or twenty-five miles an hour. About the middle of the tunnel, which was filled with smoke and fog, the car dashed into the rear end of the freight. The Italians were hurled in every direction.

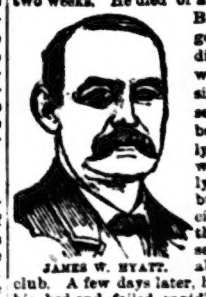
The List of Victims.

Joseph Snigo was thrown against the rear end of the caboose of the freight. Frank Gentt was wedged tightly between the brake and the railing and the life almost knocked out of him. When picked out of the debris it was found Gentt had a compound fracture of both legs and head bruises. Dominic Romball had four ribs broken and both arms mashed. Frank Manilli, kneecap fractured and leg broken. Frank Macat, injured internally and back twisted. Dominic Grill, badly injured about chest and abdomen. Gentt, Snigo and Grill will die. The hand car was splintered to pieces and the rear end of the caboose crushed in. The shock was felt all through the tunnel, which is nearly two miles long.

JAMES W. HYATT DEAD.

He Had Been Ill of a Complication of Diseases.

NORWALK, Conn., March 13.—Ex-United States Treasurer James W. Hyatt died at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon at his residence on West avenue after a long illness. His condition had been critical for two weeks. He died of a complication of Bright's disease, gout, and other diseases. Over a week ago his eyesight failed and for several days he had been almost totally blind. Mr. Hyatt was taken suddenly ill in February, but rallied sufficiently to be about the house, and subsequently was enabled to visit his club. A few days later, he again took to his bed and failed rapidly. When urged by his patient to tell him the worst the attending physician informed him that he had Bright's disease and could never recover. Saturday his family were summoned to his bedside, but the sick man was unable to speak and passed into a state of coma, from which he did not revive. Death came peacefully.



JAMES W. HYATT.

High Water at Grand Rapids.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., March 13.—The river is the highest seen here in thirty years. It now stands 14 ft. 9 in. above the low water mark. Many big factories have been obliged to shut down owing to the high water. The city and railway bridges stand the pressure well. Reports are coming in of enormous damage to the agricultural districts above and below here. Many township bridges are gone, log booms broken, etc. The sewers here are badly clogged, but no great destruction to property has yet been reported.

Mrs. Ayer Declared Insane.

NEW YORK, March 13.—The jury which examined Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer as to her sanity Friday were out but a few moments and decided that she is insane. They found that she has real estate valued at $10,000 and stock, chiefly of the Rexamier Manufacturing company, making $55,000 in all. They found also that she has a box of jewels the value of which they do not know.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

Events of the Week Given to the Reader in Condensed Form.

Mrs. McKeown, the aged wife of a farmer living near Hutchison, Kan., was burned to death while building a fire.

John Furguson, a citizen of Cass county, Ind., died from blood poisoning, caused by a salve which he used upon one of his toes to cure a corn.

The West Superior, Wis., board of trade is trying to have the Minnesota inspection of grain at that city changed to the Wisconsin system of inspection.

Mrs. John H. Baldwin of Huron, S. D., was killed instantly by a fall from a carriage. She lived formerly at Marion, Ind., and will be buried there.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor's house in London has been thronged by women to look at the remarkable collection of Irish peasant women's handiwork which has been gathered by the Countess of Aberdeen for exhibition at the World's fair.

At the city election in Dixon, Ills., Joseph F. Palmer was elected mayor.

The date of the trans-Mississippi congress at Ogden, Utah, has been changed from May 2 to April 21.

* * *

Mr. Gladstone recently stated that not only local option but Sunday closing of saloons is now receiving consideration by her majesty's government.

Andrew Delany was found dead in a field at Assumpton, Ills. He has been missing since Thursday. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of death.

James A. Snoke, treasurer of Troy township, Delaware county, O., is missing. An investigation of his accounts shows a shortage of $2,000.

Mr. Carlisle is the only member of the new cabinet who is not an enthusiastic fisherman.

William Ordway Partridge, the Boston sculptor, gets $10,000 for his statue of Shakespeare, and will receive $27,000 for his equestrian statue of Garfield. He is only 31 years old.

Ed Howe, author of "A Story of a Country Town," and late proverbial philosopher of the Atchison Globe, has purchased the Kansas City Mail.

A bald-headed religious sect in Russia holds that hair is sinful.

* * *

The Hamilton club of Brooklyn will dine ex-Secretary Tracy March 16. Secretary Herbert, his successor, will attend.

Ex-Senator Spooner and family are seeking a more congenial climate in Florida or Bermuda.

A wrapping paper mill to cost $60,000 is being built at Menasha, Wis.

Only one out of thirteen elephants in Barnum's collection at Bridgeport could withstand the approach of a mouse without being thrown into pitiful panic. The experiment was tried, the mouse being held captive by a piece of string.

Jasper Young of Brazil, Ind., fatally shot his wife while fooling with what he supposed to be an empty pistol.

The public schools of Adrian, Mich., have been closed on account of the prevalence of scarlet fever.

The Black Hills of South Dakota will send as a part of their mineral exhibit a solid block of gold, weighing 1,500 pounds and worth $300,000.

George and Joseph Watkins, father and son, cotton raisers of Arkansas, were drowned in the Red river while they were bathing.

Lester H. Gale, who embezzled $10,762 from the City Savings bank of Nashville, has been acquitted. Gale had refunded the amount embezzled.

* * *

Handsome models of the Hamburg-American racers Augusta, Victoria, Columbia, Normannia, and Fuerst Bismarck will be shipped to the World's fair.

John Johnson was run over by a car on an inclined coal road at Lyford, Ind., and killed.

The Republicans of the Thirty-third Michigan judicial district held a convention at Cheboygan and nominated Oscar Adams of Cheboygan for judge.

Governor Osborne of Wyoming has reappointed Beckwith United States senator in order to correct some irregular technicality.

The building occupied for twenty-five years by Delmonico in Broad street, near Exchange place, New York city, was sold at auction for $280,500. Delmonico has decided to discontinue business there.

A. L. Landis of Nashville, arrested in Cincinnati on a charge of counterfeiting bonds of a street railroad company, has been acquitted.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland will not return to this country until some time in April.

* * *

Martin Fitz, 6 years old, was drowned at Auburn, Ia.

At Danville, Ills., Howard Cox was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years for assaulting Myrtle Lancaster, a girl less than 14 years old.

A bill in the New Jersey legislature to give state aid to Catholic parochial schools was pronounced by the attorney general unconstitutional, and was accordingly killed.

James L. Hamilton, sentenced to die by electricity at Sing Sing this week, has been granted a respite of one week by Governor Flower.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:

Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MARCH 18, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Eleonora Duse in Repertoire.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Francis Wilson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Voodoo."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Blue Jeans."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Isle of Champagne."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Thatcher's Minstrels.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Parlor Match."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Hazel Kirke."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE UNSAVORY "VARMINT," SMALLEY.

Gladstone is reported suffering from an attack of influenza—more popularly known as "the grip." In consequence, the attempt to read the Home Rule bill a second time is postponed until after Easter, and this straw indicates that the old gentleman's condition must be rather precarious. This state of affairs will, no doubt, cause great rejoicing in the Tory camp, and will bring balm to the wounded spirit of Whitelaw Reid's own journalistic poodle dog, now resident in London, the unpaintable cad Smalley. Mr. Reid's *Tribune* is burdened Saturday after Saturday with Smalley's weekly howl at the Home Rule moon, which, judging by his disinclination for it, must, indeed, be made of the very greenest kind of cheese. In his latest fulmination to the New York receptacle of his pro-British grievances, the notorious cad and flunkey says:

"Mr. Gladstone's refusal to receive a deputation of Irishmen representing the business interests of the three southern provinces of Ireland is characteristic of him. The business interests are against Home Rule; away with them, suppress them, stifle their voice. The mind of the great Home Ruler is made up, and he is not to be turned aside by such trifles as trade, manufactures, or the general prosperity of the country he is going to ruin.

"This deputation is wholly outside of Ulster. It came in the name of neither politics nor religion. It included the real representatives of Irish industry, of Irish finance, of Irish railways, of Irish trade and industry in general outside of Ulster. They asked to lay a statement of facts before the Prime Minister. He would have none of them or their facts. He refused curtly. The door was shut in their faces. They went to Lord Salisbury. They told him that the proposed Home Rule bill would unsettle the country, perpetuate discord, drive away capital and capitalists. It meant, said the governor of the Bank of Ireland, ruin and destruction to the country.

"There were replies to these weighty representations by Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen, Lord Randolph Churchill, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Henry James, the flower of the united Unionist party. They, too, were weighty, but it is the presence and statements of the deputation itself which must be regarded as far more significant than any responses can be. You must now take account of still another Ireland and of still another broad division in that ever divided country. It is not only that Protestant parts from Catholic, that Loyalist holds aloof from Nationalist, that Ulster refuses to link its fortunes or to subject its fate to the decrees of a Land League parliament.

"The three provinces which are the home of the Land League and of the Nationalist movement are split asunder. Munster, Leinster and Connacht are divided against themselves, and all there is of property, all that makes for the prosperity of these three Catholic provinces pronounces a protest against Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone may close his ears and his mind to all this circulating evidence that his scheme will create in Ireland itself not union but disunion, not peace, but conflict, not sunshine, but storm. Does he think that England, too, will close its ears? Will even America be deaf to the voice of sense and reason and truth, the united voice of the best people in Ireland, with their fortunes at stake?"

Smalley is absurd enough when he claims, as he always does, that Ulster is "solid" against Home Rule, although nearly half her representatives in parliament were elected to support the measure; but when he claims that the other three provinces are divided against themselves—where not a single member, except the two elected for Trinity College, always anti-National, has been elected on the Tory, or Unionist, ticket—his assertions are enough to rouse the indolent fool killer to a sense of imminent public duty. Smalley insinuates that the Catholics of "property," as well as Protestants, are arrayed against Home Rule. This may be the case, but it is nothing new. There have always been cowards, and knaves, and trimmers among the Orange Catholics of Ireland—the phrase is Archbishop Croke's, not ours—and, we suppose, there always will be. The Orange Catholic and the Orange Protestant differ only in matters of creed—in politics they are united. Both believe in English superiority; both rejoice in proclaiming Irish inferiority, but both taken together are, when sifted down, only a very small fraction of the population, when compared with the self-respecting Irish people of both denominations. The Orange Catholics, like their prototypes, the Orange Protestants, are ever loud in professions of "loyalty to the throne," and both have been a curse to the country so unfortunate as to give them birth.

"The business interests are in opposition," says Smalley. What business interests? Those of the dissolute absentee landlords and the London guilds that hold much of the fertile soil of Ulster in their grasp. The general business of Ireland began to decay when the Union act was passed, and it has kept on decaying ever since. It can scarcely further fall. The most destructive kind of a native parliament could hardly hope to rival the record made by the English legislative body, in the same direction, during the last ninety years. No change of any kind could make Ireland any worse than she is at present in the matter of business. The fact is, this noisome insect, Smalley, is a combination of fool and knave. He does not know what he is writing about when he touches the Irish question, and he is sufficiently dishonest to try and curry favor with the English aristocratic classes, who proportionately despise the belly crawling, dirt eating, Yankee parasite—a disgrace to the free land he was born in, and a double disgrace to intelligent American journalism.

EMMET AND WOLFE TONE.

Emmet's Day was very generally celebrated throughout the United States this year. Reports of patriotic proceedings have come to us from New York, Philadelphia, Lowell, Lynn, Pawtucket, St. Louis, Memphis, Milwaukee, Brooklyn, Chester, Pa., Buffalo, N. Y., Savannah, Ga., Fall River, Mass., and elsewhere, but we find it simply impossible to print them all. Mr. Finerty spoke on three successive nights at Pawtucket, R. I., and Lowell and Lynn, Mass. He had no reason to complain of his reception at any of the places mentioned.

The name of Emmet is, very justly, held in deep reverence by the Irish race, but we think it about time that the memory of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the noble founder of the United Irishmen, and the man who induced France and Holland to arm for the liberation of Ireland, should be rescued from the oblivion into which it has unjustly, and ungratefully, fallen, by the Irish national organizations throughout the world. If the Irish are, naturally, grateful to Emmet they should be doubly grateful to the brave man who inspired Emmet, and thousands of other young Irishmen, with the fire of a generous patriotism. In the history of the human race, hardly a grander character can be found than that of Theobald Wolfe Tone. He was the most dauntless and hopeful of patriots, and his genius for organization has never been surpassed. Why, then, should his countrymen fail to honor him? They have either of two dates to choose from. He was born on June 20, 1763, and he died for Ireland, in a Dublin military prison, after he had been condemned by court martial to be hanged, drawn and quartered, on Nov. 19, 1798. There is still another date that might be appropriate for celebration. The French fleet stood close into Bantry Bay on Dec. 26, St. Stephen's Day, 1796, and its dispersion by the hurricane was the greatest favor England ever received from her only unsubsidized allies. It was, proportionately, the greatest blow that ever fell on the national aspirations of Ireland. Wolfe Tone died for his country at 35. He sacrificed all his prospects in life and parted forever from his beautiful and adored wife, and his three tender and lovely little children, for Ireland. Are not these sacrifices that call for recognition? Who has not read Davis' splendid poem on the Churchyard of Bodenstown, where the dust of Wolfe Tone reposes?

Once I lay on that sod, it lies over
Wolfe Tone,
And I thought how he perished in prison
alone,
His friends unavenged and his country
unfreed.
Oh, bitter, I thought, is the patriot's
meed;
For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic soul and a governing
mind—
A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no
stone,
His name seldom named, and his virtues
unknown.

There is not in the whole range of Irish history, excepting nobody, a name more deserving of honor by Ireland and the Irish than that of Theobald Wolfe Tone. We sincerely hope the day is not far distant when it will be honored, as it deserves to be, by the sons and daughters of the sea divided, but heart united, Gaels.

WEST PARK APPOINTMENTS.

The following gentlemen were nominated members of the West Park Board of Chicago by Governor Altgeld on Tuesday: John W. Garvey, to succeed George Mason; Edmond Z. Bradowski, to succeed John Kralovec, resigned; Andrew J. Graham, to succeed Henry Weinhardt, resigned; Carl Moll, to succeed Harvey L. Thompson, resigned; James J. Townsend, to succeed Jefferson L. Fulton, resigned. Mr. Garvey has been a member of the Board of Education, and is well known as a prosperous contractor. Mr. Graham is engaged in the banking business, and is one of Chicago's rising young business men. Mr. Moll is assistant cashier of the National Bank of Illinois, a gentleman of liberal education, in the full prime of manhood, and will make an excellent public officer. The other gentlemen nominated are also well known and respected citizens.

TRUCKLING TO A TYRANT.

Our American House of Lords—the United States Senate—has, of late, been putting on too many exclusive airs to suit the plain people of a supposedly free and independent Republic. The extradition treaty recently concluded with Russia, in a hasty and uncalled for manner, has given great offense in many parts of the United States, and nowhere more than in Boston, where a meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, on the evening of the 6th inst., to protest against making this country, or, rather, its government, a special constable for the arrest of fugitive unfortunates from the tyrant cursed land of the White Czar. The Hon. Frank K. Foster occupied the chair, and the great gathering was vigorously addressed by the Rev. Dr. Miner, the Rev. Rabbi Schindler, the Rev. W. P. Bliss, Victor Yarros, David Walker and Mrs. Mary Gunning. As is customary in Boston, the orators were more than outspoken. The chairman, for example, gave utterance to sentiments which, if uttered by an Irishman, would draw upon his devoted head the thunders and lightnings of a moral, freedom loving and unpurchaseable press. Among other things, Mr. Foster said:

"The proposed extradition treaty ratified by the Senate between this country and Russia imposes upon the entire American nation the role of slave catcher at the bidding of a foreign despotism. The treaty means that the implacable vengeance of Russian autocracy shall be permitted to pursue its victims even beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill. Against this violation of the law of nations, and of humanity, it is for the consciences and hearts of the American people to array themselves in emphatic antagonism.

"The history of the social reform movement in Russia has all the epic grandeur of the days of 1792. In that vast empire is the battlefield where the noblest chivalry of humanity against stupendous odds combats the barbarians of the old despotism. I would that this platform tonight might flash out the inspiration from the deeds of the social reformers of Russia who have grandly lived and more grandly died. (Applause.)

"We meet here in no sense to approve of physical revolution, but in such a cause, as Wendell Phillips said, 'Dynamite and the dagger are the necessary substitutes for Faneuil Hall and the newspapers.' (Great applause.)

"Shall it be said that the free States of America have so far forgotten the heroic memories of their history? Shall we enter into a treaty which throttles the patriots of Russia who, like our own Washington, Jefferson and Franklin (applause), have dared the hangman's rope and the exile's living tomb in the cause of liberty? (Applause.)

"It is also in the interest of the honor of America that we should protest against this treaty. That which the Senate has granted has always been refused by Great Britain. (Applause.) In refusing to surrender Bernard, England put to shame the land of the free and the home of the brave. (Renewed applause.) Our place is, as Webster said, on the side of free institutions. (Cheers.)

"Let us, speaking from Faneuil Hall, maintain that high conception of national duty which portrays our country as the refuge of the oppressed of all lands. Let us not make a mockery of that great claim that here at least all men are equal before the law (applause), by adding the amendment, except the political refugees of Russia.

"Let the voice of every one who honors our institutions be raised in solemn protest against this deed of shame, which makes America a co-partner in the crime of Russia." (Great cheering.)

We leave the interruptions as we find them, in the report of the Boston *Herald*, just to show how far the audience were en rapport with the orator. The chairman was well sustained by the Rev. Dr. Miner who said in brief:

"In Russia the patriot cannot bow down in abject servility to despotism, and yet to protest against that despotism is to hazard one's life. You who are here all know of the 242d section which makes it a capital offence to conspire against the life or dignity of the czar. But what dignity remains to a ruler who has lost all humanity? (Applause.)

"What will become of a man who comes here under this law? His case is decided by a Russian court and the Russian court is the emperor's own government. (Applause.) When its decision is sent to the congress of the United States, there is but one thing for congress to do under the treaty, and that is to send the man back. There will be no opportunity to test here the judgment of the court in Russia. Now, we are asked to send men back in accordance with this treaty. Shall we do it? No, gentlemen, our answer will be, 'I guess not.' (Loud applause.) You are here to protest against that treaty. You are here to say that the American nation must not, blindfold, send men who have fled to our shores for protection back to the jaws of death. (Applause.)

"We contributed last year to help Russia's starving, and now another famine is upon the country. Weighed down by tyranny on the one hand, and by taxation on the other, why should not the Russian patriot protest? Which among you is going to help to catch him when he comes here? The North and the South will be united in this matter, and we shall have a united and vigorous protest against the execution of this treaty. (Applause)

"It is a question of human progress, a problem of breaking chains, a problem of general uprising, a problem at length of political and human salvation." (Cheers.)

The succeeding speakers still further emphasized their disgust with the treaty.

Rev. W. P. Bliss said: "We are met here to protest, not against a treaty with Russia, but against a treaty with the czar. (Applause.) There are two Russias—the Russia of the czar, which stands for despotism, for the bayonet instead of the school book, and for Siberia in place of the ballot box, and the Russia of the common people, the Russia of Sophie Perovskaya, of Tolstoi, of the commune, and it is this great Russia of the common people that we welcome tonight. (Loud applause.)

"There is a sleeping manhood in Russia that is to awake, and the Slavic race is to have a large place in the future destiny of the world. Thank God for the manhood that is behind the arm that strikes, even though by force, for Russian freedom. (Applause.)

"Now, if we give this treaty to the Russian government, we shake hands with the Russian government against the Russian people. We have to be either the friend of despotism or the friend of the Russian people." (Applause.

Mrs. Mary Gunning protested strongly against the secrecy with which the treaty had been pushed through the senate. She spoke of its shameless character and of the Russianizing of our government which it illustrated. "We must hold fast in this matter," said she, "to the principle that the people are the government."

After further vigorous denunciation of the treaty by Mr. David Walker, the following resolutions were put and carried unanimously.

"Whereas, the new treaty with Russia appears to provide for the denial of the right of asylum to political offenders, and for the surrender of revolutionists whose only crime is their intense love of freedom and their sympathy with the oppressed and disinherited millions of the Russian tyrant's subjects,

"Whereas, it is the duty and privilege of American free men to support by all moral influences the noble sons and daughters of other countries who sacrifice their lives and liberties for the good of the people.

"Whereas, we recognize that the Russian revolutionists are not selfseeking and depraved criminals, but pure, enlightened, unselfish soldiers of progress and civilization.

Resolved, that we emphatically protest against the provision in the treaty aimed at those patriotic and heroic enemies of despotism and barbarism, and deem such provisions a gross violation of the traditions of this great republic, of the instincts of the American people and of the requirements of simple justice.

"Resolved, that the senate has, in its action on this subject, misrepresented the people, either through ignorance or through lack of moral courage and independence.

"Resolved, that we repudiate the humiliating compact with Russia, and reaffirm our determination to protect the Russian revolutionists, who seek the safety of our shores, against the brutal arm of the czar's barbarous government."

In the opinion of THE CITIZEN; the meeting committed a sin of omission by not including in their resolutions one to have the office of United States Senator made elective by the people, not by the legislatures of the different states. That is the only way to reach the evil, and to make the gentlemen in togas understand that they cannot disgrace the spirit of American freedom by star chamber methods. Outside of a comparatively few members, the United States Senate is composed of an ordinary class of men, who are often inclined to take a great deal too much power into their own hands. They should be called down and disciplined by the American people, who are the fountain head of law and authority. THE CITIZEN is surprised that ex-President Harrison, usually so clear sighted, did not interpose his veto to save the United States from the disgrace of such a surrender to a foreign and barbarous despot.

APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS.

Among the list of appointments sent by President Cleveland to the senate this week are: William McAdoo of New Jersey, to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Edward B. Whitney of New York, to be Assistant Attorney-General, vice Abraham X. Parker, resigned; Passed Assistant Engineer Charles W. Rae, to be a Chief Engineer; Assistant Engineer William H. Allderdice, to be a Passed Assistant Engineer; Capt. Charles W. Williams, Assistant Quartermaster, to be Major Quartermaster; Capt. James N. Whelan, Second Cavalry, to be Major; Capt. Adam Kramer, Sixth Cavalry, to be Major; Capt. Ezra P. Ewers, Fifth Infantry, to be Major; First-Lieut. Fred W. Sibley, Second Cavalry, to be Captain; First-Lieut. Benjamin H. Cheever, Sixth Cavalry, to be Captain; First-Lieut. William H. O. Bowen, Fifth Infantry, to be Captain.

It has been our privilege to campaign against the Indians with Major Whelan and Lieutenants Sibley, Cheever and Bowen—four splendid officers. Lieutenant, now Captain, Sibley is the hero of the famous "Scout" in the Big Horn Mountains, Montana, July 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1876, in which we had the honor to participate. His well deserved promotion was long in coming, but, now that it has come, it is all the more grateful. In regard to the appointments, we have to say frankly that no better selection for Secretary of the Navy than the Hon. William McAdoo, of New Jersey, could have been made. He has made the American navy a special study during the last ten years.

THE Rome correspondent of the *Standard* says that Mr. Gladstone has agreed to restore diplomatic relations with the Vatican, on the condition that the Pope uses his influence in favor of the Home Rule bill. An internuncio will be sent to London to negotiate a final agreement with the government. He will not be received at court.

MR. GLADSTONE will go to the seaside for a few days, at Sir Andrew Clarke's orders, to recuperate.

CHICAGO lost one of her brightest journalists, of the Middle Guard, last week by the sudden death of Mr. Frank C. McClenthen, who was for fifteen years connected with the *Times* under the regime of Mr. W. F. Storey. Mr. McClenthen was only 43 years of age when death called him. He was a born newspaper man, and shone particularly in the construction of racy paragraphs. Latterly, he was attached to the editorial staff of the *Herald*. Mr. McClenthen was married to a sister of the Hon. Luther Laflin Mills. The two children who blessed the union died in infancy. The Chicago Press Club took appropriate action in honor of Mr. McClenthen's memory, and a large delegation attended at the obsequies.

MR. LOUIS NETTLEHORST, ex-President of the Chicago Board of Education, and one of the best known of our German-American fellow citizens, died rather suddenly on Tuesday. He was only 42 years of age.

JOHN M. SMYTH, who would have been a most formidable candidate for the mayoralty against Carter Harrison, declined to run because of pressure of business. Lyman J. Gage, also a strong man, declined for the same reason, and Samuel W. Allerton, one of the best known business men in Chicago, has been selected by the citizens' committee and was, on Wednesday, indorsed by the Republican city convention assembled at North Turner Hall. With all the city daily press, except one paper and his own; Brother Hesing, Brother Wolff, Brother John R. Walsh, and divers other fraternal relatives, against him, Brother Harrison will have a hard row to hoe in fighting Brother Allerton. If Samuel hasn't lost his old time vim, he ought to make a good campaigner; but Carter is a tough old "parliamentary hand" and they are well met.

A NEW YORK dispatch, dated Wednesday, March 16, says: "Hilary A. Herbert, the New Secretary of the Navy, made his first official visit to the Brooklyn Navy Yard today. He was received by Commodore Erben, the commandant, his aides and the main guard in full dress uniform. Tomorrow evening Secretary Herbert will attend the dinner at the Hamilton Club, given in honor of ex-Secretary Tracy, his predecessor in the Navy Department. Speaking of the changes that would be made in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Secretary Herbert said that none would be made for the sake of change. He would carry out the plan inaugurated by his predecessor of selecting men according to their ability and experience rather than because of any political influence. He hoped to see the navy of the United States equal to any other nation, but favored building slowly. By adding a few good ships each year, it would not be long before the United States would regain the equality it had with other powers in 1860."

THE Hon. William McAdoo, of New Jersey, has been appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

THE most venerable Chicago clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church died at the parochial residence, No. 729 Lake street, Evanston, on Monday, in the person of the Rev. Father Michael Donahoe, who had reached the age of three score and seventeen years. He was a priest of most exemplary piety, and had the love and respect of persons of all creeds, as was well attested at his funeral, which occurred on Wednesday and was attended by a vast concourse of all classes of citizens. The religious services, at which a large number of clergymen assisted, were grandly impressive. At the conclusion, the relics were escorted to the Northwestern depot, and were taken thence to Calvary cemetery, where they were interred in the circle set apart for clerics.

BROTHER CARTER H. HARRISON, of the *Times*, Democratic candidate for mayor, seems to be disliked by Brothers Walsh, Scott, Patterson, Kohlsaat and Thompson—all fellow journalists—but, nevertheless, he is heard from occasionally.

REUNION OF THE INNISFAILS.

Under the auspices of the Innisfails Athletic Club G. A. A., a very pleasant reunion was held at the hall, 56 State street on Saturday evening, March 11. The members attended in large numbers, and their friends belonging to other Irish organizations augmented the gathering until the seating capacity of the hall was found to be entirely inadequate. As to refreshments, both liquid and otherwise, the members of the committee fairly outdid themselves, and the record of the club for sparing no expense on such occasions was indeed well kept up.

The president of the club, James O'Callaghan, ably presided over the festivities, and the speeches, songs, recitations, etc., kept the large assemblage in great good humor until the proceedings terminated. After a few preliminary remarks from the president, he introduced Colonel Francis T. Colby, who delivered an appropriate address on the desirability of young Irishmen acquiring military knowledge and discipline as soon as possible. He thought his hearers, from the very fact of their being athletes, should also become proficient in the "tactics" and "manual of arms," and the enthusiastic applause he evoked ought to satisfy him that his words had the desired effect.

Capt. Garrett Carroll was next introduced, and greatly pleased the boys by the radical and revolutionary methods which he advocated for the liberation of Ireland; and it would greatly surprise some of those parliamentary patriots, who claim the Home Rule bill to be a full and satisfactory settlement of Irish claims, if they could have heard the sentiments expressed by the speaker, and so warmly endorsed by his auditors. At the close of his remarks, Mr. Carroll sang "The Green Old Flag," with splendid effect.

Patrick Coghlan was called on, and introduced as the "father of the club." He spoke a few words on the origin and formation of the Innisfail Club, and the Irish National principles which the members professed, and concluded by reciting the "Battle of Fontenoy," and elicited great applause by the vigorous style of his enunciation. Robert Emmet's speech from the dock was admirably recited by Mr. Gerald Barry. John O'Callaghan, the club's financial secretary, sang "Killarney" in his usual entertaining manner, and for an encore gave "Michael Dwyer." Mr. M. Phelan captured the house by the beautiful way he rendered Moore's exquisite song "She Is Far From the Land," and when encored gave "The Old Flag of Green," with like effect.

Mr. John Quilter recited "The Siege of Cremona" in his usual vigorous style, and when called on afterwards for a speech, he fairly electrified his hearers by the emphatic and eloquent manner in which he advocated physical force of any kind as the only means by which his native land's redemption can be ultimately achieved. Several songs and recitations were rendered by visiting guests, whose names the writer fails to remember, and the exercises terminated by singing the national anthem "God Save Ireland," Mr. Phelan leading, and the whole audience joining in the chorus. The happy company parted at an early hour in the morning, after enjoying the most sociable reunion, in the estimation of everybody present, that they ever had the pleasure of attending.

Among the members present, and whose names do not appear above, were noticed Capt. Wm. Martin and Vice-Capt. Thomas Naughton, of the football team; Capt. O'Connell and Vice-Capt. Conway, of the hurling team; Vice-Prest. John Kerr, Treasurer Timothy O'Sullivan, M. Punch, Daniel Coghlan, Robt. Ambrose, Justin White, P. O'Sullivan, P. Martin, M. Phelan, P. Fitzpatrick, M. Brooks, Thomas Collins and others.

BOSTON AND BUNKER HILL.

Visit of the Editor of "The Citizen" to the American Athens—Pen Pictures of Distinguished Irish-Americans and Others.

Incidents of the Celebrated Battle—How Gen. Howe Got His White Stockings Dyed a Bloody Red.

Skulls, Cross Bones, Cartridge Boxes and Bullets From the Glorious Field.

A Picture of Two Kings and a Princess.

BY JOHN F. FINERTY.

It is impossible for any one familiar with the history of the American Revolution to approach the fine old city of Boston without a feeling of romantic reverence. No matter how often you may have seen it in the past, the classic home of Warren and Revere and the Adamses awakes emotions in the beholder that cannot be aroused by any other place in the wide Republic. When the writer last saw Boston—one week ago—its spires and monuments cast their shadows, by sunlight and moonlight, on the heaviest and brightest mantle of snow that had covered its historic site since the generation that threw the British tea into the rebellious old harbor passed away. The Bunker Hill obelisk stood out in bold relief against the flecked sky over Charlestown. The bronzed cupalo of the capital flashed back the rays of the coy sun of early March, and the hundred spires of the Puritan city that was—of the cosmopolitan city that is—proclaimed that the modern Bostonese are not less given to godly ways than the men who fought for liberty, and the women who applauded them, in 1775.

But while the profile of the city strikes the traveler by its uniqueness, in the distance, a nearer approach reveals a town so un-American in feature as to make him think he had crossed the Atlantic in sleep and woke up in some old capital of Europe. The buildings are mostly old and grimy, with protruding eaves and small windows. The streets are wildly irregular—running in ill defined circles and often, to all seeming, ending in blind alleys or cul-de-sacs. The sidewalks hardly allow two people to walk abreast in comfort, and render such an experiment by four impossible. Consequently there is an everlasting jam—an eternal bumping of elbows—an appearance of popular "congestion" sufficient to drive an English Whig economist, brought up to believe in the clearance, or migration, system, out of his senses.

The streets themselves are, seemingly, given over, almost without control, to the works and pomps of the street car company, which operates the dangerous, and abominable, trolley system. Blockades are of such frequent occurrence that nobody pays any attention to them. Carriages and wagons are propelled by veteran horses in jerky fashion—snail pace generally, dead stop frequently and a frantic dash, when opportunity offers, occasionally. Pedestrians go from one sidewalk to another with a kind of "hop, skip and jump," and, notwithstanding the agility resulting from long and ceaseless practice, the list of killed and wounded—nearly all victims of the trolley system—every month is simply appalling. And, even yet, the street car Moloch remains unsatisfied. It now wants to invade and, of course, destroy the famous Commons—proposes to dig a half-roofed tunnel through them—in order, it is claimed, to facilitate intramural travel, and it even has designs on Bunker Hill itself, which, the Moloch alleges, stands in the way of rapid transit. These vandal contemplations have stirred up the sentimental side of Boston, and vows have been sworn, deep as an artesian well, but not loud enough to scare the utilitarian barbarians, that blood will be shed, where it was shed in torrents once before, rather than that this desecration should come to pass.

The inhabitants of Boston seem to have undergone a great physical change in the last five-and-twenty years. The tall, thin, rather shapeless figures of the descendants of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, have taken on flesh and muscle. The pale, regular features, wispy fair hair and light blue eyes, shaded by glasses, of the "60s," have given way to the stronger lineaments, dark luxuriant braids, or locks, and flashing gray-blue eyes of a sturdy race, out of which "culture" has not "fadded" everything healthy, robust and symmetrical, in the "'90s." The Celt is abroad in Boston, and, in fact, has made himself quite at home in the American Athens. The "Anglo-Saxon" knows that his rival has come to stay, and, although there is still an under tow of the old exclusive spirit of nativism among the descendants of the first colonists, it cannot be denied that the two great races of mankind blend most gracefully and harmoniously in Boston, and that each gains from the other that which was most needed to improve and unify both. There is much in the nature and character of the New Englander which helps to agreeably modify the ardent and vital Celt, and there is very much in the latter which spurs the thinner blood of the Yankee into a healthier glow, and redeems his physique from that painful angularity and frequent diminutiveness which had become almost national characteristics before the tremendous forced migration from Ireland nearly fifty years ago. In other parts of America, emigrants from divers portions of Continental Europe, have left their mark, but it is doubtful if any section of the United States owes as much to the blood and brawn, and brain, of Ireland as Massachusetts does today. And these Irish Yankees are exceedingly proud of their Yankeeness. During a debate in Congress the other day, Representative O'Neill, who represents a Massachusetts district, made a speech in defense of liberal legislation, and was replied to by Congressman Morse, who also represents a district of the same State. The latter, who was born elsewhere in New England, replying to O'Neill, said that he "did not represent the best sentiment of Massachusetts." Mr. O'Neill immediately arose in his place and said, amid the applause of the House, "The gentleman misstates the facts. I do represent the best sentiment of Massachusetts, *my* State—my *native* State—not the gentleman's."

During my short stay in Boston, I had the pleasure of meeting several Irish-American citizens whose reputations are not confined to one continent. There, for example, was Patrick Donahoe, of the *Pilot*, who has been in journalism for more than fifty years, still hale and hearty; smooth shaven, like an Archbishop, with healthy, ruddy cheeks, handsome features, abundant, but not fluffy, white hair, and keen blue eyes, bright and sparkling as those of a stripling. Yet he had grown to sage manhood while yet Thomas D'Arcy McGee was a subordinate in the *Pilot* office, and before Thomas Davis began to sing those lyrics in the Dublin *Nation*, which still fire the hearts of his countrymen as much as if written but yesterday. Mr. Donahoe is of medium stature and slight proportions. His voice is clear and manly, but his long residence in America has deprived him of even the faintest trace of an Irish accent. The vigorous old gentleman is a living monument of moral pluck and phenomenal perseverence. He *would not* be defeated, and, in spite of many misfortunes, has risen superior to everything. He is today, in point of age and experience, the Dean of Irish-American journalism.

His associate editors on the *Pilot* are a lady and gentleman well known to fame—Miss Katherine E. Conway, the poetess, who compiled a most attractive selection of the late John Boyle O'Reilly's works, and Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, who, as an author of poetry, ranks among the foremost in this country, and, as a prose writer, is noted for incisiveness, cogency and literary grace. Miss Conway has a face of the Latin type, dark hair and fine flashing eyes. Her manners are pleasing, but she carries with her the air of a woman of strong will and understanding. She is, in fact, one of the advanced women of the Irish race, and has won for herself an enviable position in the literary arena of our own day.

Mr. Roche is not above the middle size, but is well built, and has a most expressive countenance, on which the passing emotions of a born poet chase each other, like shadow and sunlight, in rapid succession. Like all men of his disposition, he is an intense lover of nature. He has a real affection, nevertheless, for Boston, and his devotion to the memory of his departed friend and associate, Boyle O'Reilly, indicates that he possesses a faithful and affectionate disposition. In fact to Roche, O'Reilly is neither dead nor sleeping. He walks with him in spirit, and every familiar object recalls his lost idol most vividly. And yet, James Jeffrey Roche is by no means a melancholy man, or a bore "by many a retrospection cursed." He is a very ray of sunshine socially, and when he laughs his joyous laugh, and runs his white fingers through his blue, black hair, he looks enough of a devotee of the muses to be entitled to a "cover" at the poetical banquet table, when all the children of men who have tickeled, or may tickle, the ears of the world with their melodies respond to the "last call for supper" in Paradise.

One week ago, on Tuesday, I lunched with General Patrick A. Collins, now United States Consul General to London, at the Tremont House. He said nothing whatever about his expected appointment, which was an open secret in Boston, long before it was made, but appeared to be in his usual good spirits. At the table, besides ourselves, were Judges Corcoran and Dwyer, of the Superior Court, Mr. J. J. Collins, Mr. P. A. O'Farrell, formerly of Dublin, now of Tacoma, Washington; Mr. Underwood, who bears a startling resemblance to the late General Robert E. Lee, and a few other gentlemen. Judge Corcoran is, physically, so like ex-Congressman John E. Lamb, of Indiana, that I came near mistaking him for that gentleman, and this led him to say that I was about the twentieth person who had fallen into the same error. However, as these are not the days of Louis XIV, there is little danger that the worthy Judge will have to wear an iron mask as a penalty for dual resemblance. Apropos of this subject, Mr. Underwood amused us by relating his experiences during a trip in the South, soon after the close of the War, in the course of which he was much embarrassed by being frequently taken for General Lee, very much as Jerome Bonaparte Paterson was, when taken for Napoleon on the occasion of his visit to Paris in the reign of Louis Philippe.

"There goes Uncle Robert," cried one old Confederate veteran, pointing to Mr. Underwood.

"Hush," said another, "don't you disturb the General. Can't you see he is traveling incog?"

At some places, in Virginia especially, the attention, of the ex-rebel warriors became somewhat oppressive, but explanations were useless. The soldiers wouldn't have them, and the peaceably disposed Bostonian was compelled to passively pose as "Uncle Robert" greatly to his discomfort.

General Collins' offices in the Ames Building, not the one that burned the other day, however, and his windows command a view of the very spot, on State street (then King street), where the Boston massacre occurred in 1770—the first blood actually shed in the cause of colonial freedom. One of the victims was, of course, an Irishman, named Patrick Carr, and his name is now included, with those of the others, on a monument which commemorates the event in Boston Commons. Right below—not 200 yards distant—is the dock at which the tea ships were moored, when the patriots converted the harbor into a teapot in 1773. And you could almost jump from the general's windows down to the roof of the old State House, so famous in the annals of that period; while the cupalo of Faneuil Hall—"the cradle of liberty," where Warren and Adams fired the hearts of their countrymen in those memorable times—rises a little distance from it. The State, or Provincial, house is now a museum, and the lion and unicorn, which were torn down after the British evacuated Boston on St. Patrick's Day, 1776, have been again set up by the same flunkey and reactionary element which allowed a British buncombe association to desecrate, a few years ago, with a banquet, at which the health of George III.'s granddaughter was drunk standing, the noble precincts of Faneul Hall. There is still in and around Boston a fairly large element directly descended from the American Tories, and these, with British and Canadian born persons, constitute the anti-national and English worshipping forces in a city which should ever hold the British monarchy and its upholders in absolute contempt. Not long ago, a native Bostonian cad, who happened to be president of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, took occasion to remind his hearers, at a supposedly patriotic celebration, that "Bunker Hill was a British victory." The curse of Cromwell on the slavish fool! It is true that the British regulars got into the redoubt, after the American farmers had expended their ammunition, but the latter retreated with comparatively small loss—only four hundred and odd killed, wounded and missing—while the English, nearly three times as strong in the assault, were twice bloodily repulsed and by their own acknowledgment lost 1,100 of their number, including over one hundred officers, in front of the redoubt and rail fence, before they made any impression on their gallant opponents.

Bunker Hill itself—it is really Breed's Hill, but, because the man who owned it was a Tory, and because Gen. Ward's original order to Prescott is said to have indicated the real Bunker hill, seven hundred yards in the rear, as the spot where the redoubt should be established—is a disappointment to the sightseer. It lies "over the neck" in Charlestown, and houses are built up so close around it that the hill is barely perceptible, and the fine, but severe, obelisk alone redeems it from the merely commonplace. It was less than seventy feet in elevation when the battle was fought, on Saturday afternoon, June 17, 1775, and, since that sulphureous day, it appears to have grown downward. The Bunker Hill Monument Association, too, has "parked" the heroic area, within which stood the redoubt, and made it as conventional with curbs and sodding as possible. "D——n them, they've spoiled my battlefield!" exclaimed the Duke of Wellington, when he visited the plains of Waterloo after the Belgian government had erected on the spot where the Middle Guard died the mound which bears the colossal lion. So, too, might Warren, Prescott or Stark exclaim if they could now behold the place where

"On that dread immortal day
They braved the Briton's band."

The heat was so intense on the day of the battle that the British were finally compelled to un-sling their knapsacks and take off their high leather "stocks." The grass had been mown on June 16, on the northern face of the hill, and it was used to cover the rail fence which protected the flank of the redoubt; but on the southern slope of the little eminence, the grass stood so tall that the blood of the slaughtered British troops matted it, and General Howe, who wore pumps and white silk stockings that afternoon, had the latter dyed so crimson in walking through the ensanguined meadow, that he was reported wounded in the legs! As a matter of fact he didn't receive a scratch.

Strange things come to pass in 118 years, and one of the strangest in this heroic connection is that Bunker Hill proper, on which the battle of that name was *not* fought, but where Putnam bravely covered the "slow retreat" from Breed's, is now crowned by a handsome Roman Catholic Church!

The old North Church, in which the sexton friend of Paul Revere hung out the signal lamps to tell of the British incursion into Middlesex county on the night of April 18, 1775, is still used as a place of worship, and the old belfry looks about the same as it did then. It is a steep and rickety climb, especially for a man of weight, but the experience is worth the toil. Dust, cobwebs, and a suspicion of rodents, hang around the place, and, in the fierce gales of March, the old tower seems to stagger distressfully enough. From its windows, with a field-glass, on a fairly clear day, Lexington, where the first blood of the Revolution was shed, can be descried, and a few miles further away, Concord, where the American return fire sent Pitcairn and his grenadiers scampering back to Boston.

By the rude arch which spanned the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
There once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard around the world

The old South Meeting House on Washington, near School street, where the English cavalry stabled their horses during the hostile occupation of Boston, has been used as a museum since 1872. The admission fee is a quarter, and, for that small sum, a lover of the past can see much to interest him. There, for example, is the christening cap of the infant Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill in the prime of manhood, shot through the noble head which that tiny hood once covered. And beside it is an ancient medical certificate, which proclaims that it had been thoroughly disinfected of small-pox!

In another case, not far removed, is the shattered skull with half-decayed cross bones of a British soldier, who was killed in front of Stark's regiment, at the rail fence, on the day of the famous battle. The spherical bullet which pierced his cranium lies, slightly flattened, in a little box beside the mortal relics. This soldier had an excellent set of teeth, and his skull is so thick that there can be no doubt of his Saxon origin. How these formidable molars must have crunched the substantial lunch furnished to his men by General Howe, and what generous floods of "grog" must have flowed through that now hideous dental cavern before the red coats, doubly drunk with rage and whisky, moved upon the deadly rifles of those imperturable Yankee farmers, behind the frail breastworks on the hill! Oh, glorious rustics, pity 'tis that knaves and slaves now glorify, in classic Boston, the bloody crown and government which your guns wrecked upon American soil! All the same, honor to the brave!

There, also, may be seen the well-kept accounts—some of them—of General Washington with the infant government of the United States, and divers grim looking old market and "store" books, which show that, as far back as 1732, good housewives in Boston patronized the grocer, the butcher and the "draper" very much as their great-great-grandchildren do today.

I did not see "the Sword of Bunker Hill" in the collection, but there was an English belt and cartridge box, grown brittle and rusty with age, which had been used in the conflict; and an awkward looking old Brown Bess musket—almost as heavy as a cannon, and with a bayonet of portentous length—which belonged to the same period, and may have done duty on the same occasion—on the wrong side of the vigorous controversy. I fear I am naturally of an archæological turn, because I always have difficulty in tearing myself away from a museum, even when it is less attractive than that of the Old South Meeting House.

But James Jeffrey Roche had invited me to dine with him at the St. Botolph Club, for know reader, whether gentle or ungentle, that St. Botolph is patron saint of the "Hub" city. "Bo" was an Englishman, and the English town from which our Boston derives its name was originally Botolphstown, which, being too long for the thick Saxon tongue, was gradually contracted into Boston. No matter about the alleged saint—the club itself is a fine "institution," and Mr. Roche, as a host, has no superior. His brilliant, epigramatic conversation would furnish relish for much plainer fare than that supplied at St. Botolph's.

While returning from the club I stepped with Mr. Roche into the residence of a leading physician, with whom he had some business, and there saw a fine, old copper plate engraving of Vandike's painting of the three children of King Charles I—Charles Prince of Wales, afterward Charles II; Mary—Henrietta Maria—afterward wife of Philip Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV, and ancestrix of the present Bourbon pretender to the vacant throne of France; and James Duke of York, afterward James II of England, of unfortunate memory. In the picture, with the children, are two King Charles spaniels—of the breed called Cockers—pretty creatures, whose attitudes are quite as graceful as those of their royal playfellows.

Charles looks a well grown boy of 8 years, with wide open black eyes, and a kindly expression of countenance. Mary seemed not far, either way, from the same age, and even then gave promise of that striking comeliness which afterward placed her among the foremost of the court beauties of a court remarkable for female loveliness—that of the Grand Monarch himself. James is represented as a toddler of 4 years, or thereabout, in a plain dress and close hood, such as an American child of the mechanical class might wear today. His eyes appear to have been light in color, and his face has the gentlest, sweetest of baby expressions. Who could foresee in this charming innocent—so early orphaned by the bloody axe of the Puritan parliament—the seducer of Arabella Churchill, the fugitive from the Boyne—the exile and pensioner of St. Germain!

Yet honored be the graves that close
On every bold and true heart,
And sorrow's sanctified repose
Thy dust, discrowned Stuart!

Boston is, undoubtedly, the first literary centre of America, and the Irish element may be proud to be represented there by the acknowledged talent of Mr. Roche, Miss Conway, T. C. Quinn, Eugene Davis and many others who have devoted themselves to the profession of letters. *Donahoe's Magazine*, which has been entirely changed in scope and form, and is now one of the handsomest publications in the country, is directly under the management of Messrs. Quinn and Toomey, and ranks among its contributors some of the most famous writers of the United States and Canada. It is growing rapidly in circulation, and, dealing as it does with all subjects in a liberal, cosmopolitan and, at the same time, patriotic spirit it cannot fail to become one of the foremost periodicals of this generation.

At the invitation of the pleasant Judge Corcoran, I visited the capitol and saw the Massachusetts assembly in session. I was also introduced to the youthful and energetic Governor Russell, the contour of whose face forcibly reminds me of the accepted pictures of Robert Emmet. The chief executive of Massachusetts comes of good old Revolutionary stock, and is adored by the Irish, as such Americans, no matter what their politics, invariably are. I was much delighted with Russell's manner and bearing, and I think it would be much better for America if more of her young men were placed in high office instead of some of the dry old sticks who act merely as official stamps to public documents, and are always run by some designing little clique. Napoleon conquered Italy at 26 and was first consul at 30. He only began to fail after he had passed the fortieth mile post.

The most interesting inanimate objects in the governor's room, are the drum and colors of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry, which marched through Baltimore, at the cost of much bloodshed, en route to Washington, in April, 1861. It had the honor of furnishing the first Union victims of the Civil War. The colors remain unfaded, but the drum, which on that memorable day was beaten by a tambour 80 years of age, looks dingy and fatigued.

This letter is now over the proper limit, but I think if I spent a whole year in Boston, I could still find something historical to write about.

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LITERARY.

Napoleon's Plans for the Invasion of England.

Napoleon frequently spoke of the invasion of England; that he never intended to attempt it without a superiority of fleet to protect the flotilla. This superiority would have been attained for a few days by leading ours out to the West Indies, and suddenly returning. If the French fleet arrived in the channel three or four days before ours, it would be sufficient. The flotilla would immediately push ont, accompanied by the fleet, and the landing might take place on any part of the coast, as he would march direct to London. He preferred the coast of Kent, but that must have depended on wind and weather; he would have placed himself at the disposal of naval officers and pilots, to land the troops wherever they thought they could do so with the greatest security and in the least time. He had 1,000,000 men, and each of the flotilla had boats to land them; artillery and cavalry would soon have followed, and the whole could have reached London in three days. He armed the flotilla merely to lead us to suppose that he intended it to fight its way across the channel; it was only to deceive us. It was observed that we expected to be treated with great severity in case of his succeeding, and he was asked what he would have done had he arrived in London. He said it was a difficult question to answer; for a people with spirit and energy, like the English, was not to be subdued even by taking the capital. He would certainly have separated Ireland from Great Britain, and the occupying of the capital would have been a death-blow to our funds, credit and commerce. He asked me to say frankly whether we were not alarmed at his preparations for invading England.—*From "Napoleon's Deportation to Elba," in the Century for March.*

The Three Caravels of Columbus.

In the days of Columbus, vessels were generally called "caravels," and if of considerable size for those times they were called by the Spaniards *naos*. When Queen Isabella determined to help Columbus to make his voyage, a royal order was sent to the city of Palos to fit out three caravels and to place them at the royal disposal. The city made a pretense of complying, but it was so well known that the ships were for Columbus' hazardous venture into the terrible western ocean that neither money nor force could get them equipped and manned. Over and over again the people were assembled in the public square and the order read with great pomp, but all in vain. Columbus, in his despair, begged that the prisons be opened and the convicts allowed to go with him. Finally, a ship-owner of Palos, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, was induced, by an offer of a large share of the rewards in case of discoveries, to make an active effort to fit out the expedition. He was a popular sea-captain and a vigorous man of business, and it was entirely due to him that Columbus was able to set sail from Palos on his ever-memorable voyage. Pinzon condemned two of the caravels given by the town, and substituted two stanch vessels of his own. One was a decked vessel of 300 tons, large enough to be called a *nao*, and the other was a little thing with lateen sails, which was chosen on account of her light draught, in case rivers had to be ascended in the country they expected to discover. The *nao* was at first named the "Gallega," but they renamed her the "Santa Maria." Columbus took her for his flagship, for he held an admiral's commission from Ferdinand and Isabella. The little lateen-rigged caravel was called the "Nina." Of the three caravels offered by the town of Palos, the only one which Pinzon considered seaworthy enough to accept was the "Pinta," a boat about half as large as the "Santa Maria," and rigged like her. His shrewdness in rejecting the others was fully proved before the expedition reached the Canaries; for it was discovered that the "Pinta" had been tampered with, and had been purposely weakened. A long delay in the islands was necessary to repair her. Such were the vessels in which Columbus discovered America: one as large as a small schooner, and the other two about the size of lighters. Had he suspected the length of his journey, or known of the terrible storms which can rage in the Atlantic Ocean, he never would have dared to venture out in craft so frail.—*John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., in March St. Nicholas.*

"Jefferson Jackson's Chicago."

Says Editor Jackson, in introducing his new paper, *Jefferson Jackson's Chicago*: "Salutatory articles are a bore, yet they are necessary so far as they state the scope and character of a newspaper. We see no necessity of apologizing for this issue and promising greater excellence for future ones. Of course they will be better, but this one can stand on its merits. We shall publish an interesting and readable paper, and, while not a religious sheet, it will always maintain a moral tone which shall make it a safe production for the homes of the people, where we purpose to place it. All matter of an injurious tendency will be expurgated. The matter will be of a character to interest *everyone*, and *everyone* is asked to subscribe or buy the paper."

"Cosmopolis."

Tait, Sons & Company, New York, address a circular letter to the book trade warning them that they hold for valuable consideration the exclusive authorization to publish *Cosmopolis*, and they quote from Alphonse Lemerre as follows: "The right to publish the translation for America, it is well understood, is exclusive to your firm."

"The Arena."

The *Arena* for March is a model number. The frontispiece displays the fine, womanly countenance of Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, who has an article on "Christ and the Liquor Seller." "The Social Quagmire and the Way Out of It," dealing chiefly with the interests of the farmer, by Alfred Russell Wallace, D. C. L., D. is a very readable and instructive paper for those who delight in the study of social questions; Helen Campbell has an article on "Women Wage-earners," dealing with the present rate of such wages in the United States; Dr. J. F. Formiel contributes a defence of Shakespeare, entitled "In the Tribunal of Literary Criticism;" "The Money Question" is dealt with by John Franklin Clark; "Under the Arctic Circle," by John Keatley; together with a vast amount of editorial and miscellaneous matter by able writers of national reputation.

A PLEASANT ANNIVERSARY.

A banquet in honor of the nineteenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Horton, No. 3721 Vincennes avenue, was given by the Sunburst Club, on Thursday evening week. Patriotic speeches, in advocacy of the complete independence of Ireland were made by Messrs. Patrick F. Holden, P. J. McDonald and James Graham. Miss Mamie Renan, and the Messrs. Fisher contributed some excellent songs to add to the general enjoyment. Besides those already mentioned, there were also present the Misses Mabel Gallagher, Cassie Minnaugh, Mary Kennedy, Mary Deering, Josie O'Brien, Katie McFarland, Tessie Spalding, Mary Gallagher, M. Kenny, Katie Redmond and Mamie Bowers; Messrs. Wm. Maguire, John Horton, E. Spalding, Thomas Kenny, Patrick Noonan, James Frisby, John Gannon, Joseph Cahill, George Cahill and others.

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WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years.
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

Yon floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee,
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For, lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea,
Nor time nor space nor deep nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

A ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Where are you going, Letitia?" demands Miss Banbridge severely, gazing at the trembling Letitia over a pair of gold rimmed glasses.

"Just out for a little walk, auntie. The day is so delicious," says Letitia, with her most engaging smile. She is thinking what an awful thing it will be if auntie forbids her to go out today of all days, and Jack waiting for her at the top of the meadow.

"Now, once for all, Letitia, let this be understood between us," says Miss Banbridge; "there is to be no intercourse between this house and that of The Court. You may think I am too old to hear things, but there you are wrong. I have heard a good deal lately about young Hardinge, who has returned to The Court after his father's death; heard, too, with deep regret, Letitia, that you so far forgot yourself as to dance with him a fortnight ago at the Mainwarings' little"——

"Hop," suggests Letitia, who is too frightened by her aunt's allusion to the young master of The Court to remember her society manners.

"Hop! How dare you use such a word?" cries Miss Banbridge. "Good heavens! The manners of this present day! Now, Letitia, hear me. It seems you did dance with this objectionable young man at the Mainwarings' ball. Perhaps you could not help that. But knowing as you do of the feud that has lasted for 50 years between their house and ours, I trust you have too much respect for me—for your name—to recognize a Hardinge anywhere."

"But what has he—er"— nervously. "what have they all done?" asks Letitia, her eyes on the marble pavement of the hall her heart at the top of the meadow.

Good gracious! if auntie only knew that she had been meeting Jack every day for the past fortnight—ever since that long dance, indeed when—when—well, he wouldn't dance with any one but her And it is all such nonsense too. A rubbishy old story about a right of way that happened 50 years ago—and Jack the dearest, dearest fellow!

"I refuse to go into it," says Miss Banbridge, with dignity. "It suffices to say that this young man's grandfather once behaved in the grossest fashion to your grandfather my," with a sigh, "sainted father If you are going out, I trust that if you meet the present owner of The Court you will not so much as acknowledge his presence."

"I shan't bow to him, auntie," says Letitia in a very small voice.

Detestation of herself and her duplicity is still raging in her heart when she meets Jack Hardinge in the old trysting place. She had certainly promised her aunt not to bow to him. Well, she doesn't; she only flings herself into his arms—glad young arms that close fondly round her!

"Oh, Jack, she's getting worse than ever. She was simply raging about you as I came out. I really thought she was going to forbid me to come at all. She says you're an objectionable young man!"

"Oh, I say," says Hardinge. "What have I done to be called names like that?"

"Nothing, nothing!" cried Letitia, flinging her arms about in despairing protest, "except that your grandfather once punched my grandfather's nose."

"Well, I'm awfully sorry," said Hardinge, and they both laugh. "Would it do any good, do you think, if I were to go down now and apologize for my exceedingly rude old forbear?"

"I shouldn't advise you to try," says Letitia.

"But what are we to do?" says Jack, his arm round her.

They are sitting on the grass safely hidden behind a clump of young trees. The sun is shining madly on their heads; the birds are singing on every branch. It is May—delightful May, the lover's month—and the hottest May that has been known for years.

"I don't know," says Letitia, with deep despondence.

"It's such beastly folly," says Hardinge presently in an impatient tone. "If I were a fool or a poor man or a reprobate, but I'm not—am I, now?"

"Oh, no!" says Letitia. She creeps closer to him and encircles his waist with her arm, or, at all events, tries bravely to do so. It doesn't go half way around, but that doesn't matter She grasps a bit of his coat and holds on to him so. "Do you know what you are, Jack? The dearest old boy on earth."

"And you—do you know what you are?" says Hardinge, pressing her fingers to his lips.

"No," says she.

"Well, I can't tell you," says he, "because there is nothing on earth fit to compare you with. You are you, and that's all."

"What a lovely speech! No wonder I love you," says Letitia naively; "but," collapsing into gloom, "what's the good of it all? Auntie will never let you marry me."

"We could marry without her permission," says he slowly.

"No, we couldn't," says Letitia, with decision. She looks at him earnestly. "I wouldn't marry you without her permission for anything. We would have to run away, and that would break her heart. I am all she has in this world, and though she scolds me a good deal I love her. I wouldn't desert her, Jack."

"You could come back again," says he.

"Of course I know that. But then she would always feel disappointed in me and hurt and— No, no, I shall never do that. She trusts me so."

"Then I don't know what's going to be the end of it," said he.

"We must only wait," says Letitia despondingly. "And now, Jack, you had better go. She is sure to come here presently to see how the men are getting on with that fence. You know what an excellent woman of business she is. If she caught you here"——

"There would be wigs on the green," says Jack, laughing. "Well, goodby—for awhile. I suppose if I come back again this evening I shall find you here?"

"Yes—oh, yes! Jack, do take care. The men will see you!"

"Not they," says Jack, kissing her again. "And you—what are you going to do while I'm away?"

"Think of you," with a little saucy glance at him from under her long lashes. "By the bye, have you got a match about you?"

"What on earth do you want it for?" says he, giving her some wax lights out of a little silver box as he speaks. "Going to have a cigarette?"

"Nonsense! I feel as if I want to set fire to some of those dry little bunches of grass: fairy tufts we used to call them long ago. They would burn beautifully today, the sun is so hot."

"Well, don't set fire to yourself, whatever you do," says he thoughtlessly. Once again they kiss and this time really part.

Letitia stands watching him till he is out of sight, standing on tiptoe as he gets over the wall to blow a last kiss to him. Then coming out from the shelter of her trysting place she walks into the old meadow, now beaten down save where the tall, coarse tufts of grass are growing. Lighting one of her matches, she kneels down and sets fire to the tuft nearest her. It used to be an amusement of hers in her childhood, and she is not yet so far removed from those days as to have lost all childish fancies. Sitting down on the side of a tiny hillock at a distance, she watches the dancing flames—so small, so flickering, so harmless.

She leans back against the bank behind her and crosses her white arms behind her head. What a day it is—most heavenly sweet—quite a drowsy day. How lovely that light smoke is climbing slowly uphill and fading away among the young beech trees above. And the little flames, like fairies dancing. Perhaps they are fairies who dwell in those old tufts. No wonder they are dancing—with rage evidently. Their strongholds are seized, destroyed by the tyrant man! No—woman this time. Ah, ah! In this case woman has come the front at all events. She had been reading about the emancipation of women last night and had laughed over it. After all, she didn't want to be emancipated. She only wanted Jack to love her always—nothing more. Perhaps the other queer women only meant that, too, only they hadn't found their Jacks yet. Pouf! How warm it is!

Gradually her head sinks back upon her arms, her eyelids droop over the soft, clear eyes. How delicious it is here! How cozy! Again the eyes open, but very lazily this time. See how the little insects run to and fro over her white frock, hither and thither, all in search of the great want—food. A passing thought makes her laugh indolently. She hopes they will not make food of her. And then the eyelids close resolutely; she leans back. Sleep has caught her.

So sound indeed is her slumber that she does not know that now the little black insects are rushing over her, not in search of food, but of safety—safety from the tiny hot flames that are creeping every moment closer to the thin, white frock. Now they have touched her foot and have so far penetrated the thin slipper as to make her unpleasantly warm, but not enough to waken her. She only turns a little and sighs; but now——!

Now she springs to her feet with an affrighted scream. Smoke! Smoke everywhere! And what is this creeping up the front of her gown? A thread of fire. It blows upon her face. She recoils from it, but it follows her. Madly she lifts her hands and tries to beat it back. The men! the men at the fence! Where are they! Alas, they have all gone to dinner! Once again a frantic cry bursts from her lips.

It is answered. At this moment Hardinge reaches her, and flinging off his coat he catches her in it. Folding it round her, he holds her as if in a vise.

What brought him back (beyond the mercy of God) he never knew, except that those last words of his, "Don't set fire to yourself, at all events," had seemed to haunt him after he left her. A foolish fear about the words had touched his lover's heart and compelled him to mount a wall and look back. In a moment he had seen.

He quenched the flames in a miraculously short time. Letitia is able to stand up and answer faintly his passionate questions to her safety, when suddenly a voice strikes upon them that renders both dumb.

It is the voice of Miss Banbridge. She has been toiling up the hill. She looks almost distraught.

"Oh, sir," cries she, catching Letitia in her arms, "I saw all. I thought I should have died. Oh, my girl, my darling child!" She spent her whole life tormenting Letitia, but Letitia for all that is the apple of her eye. "Oh, sir, how can I thank you? The gratitude of my life is yours—the preserver of my pretty child." Then the old lady burst out crying. Half an hour ago she would have died rather than tell Letitia she was pretty, but now she lays many offerings at her feet. Poor feet. They might have been burned. "If you will add one more service to the immeasurable one you have already done me," says she softly, "you will help me to get my poor child back to the house."

"But," begins Hardinge. It seems wrong to him, even at this supreme moment, to deceive the old lady, to go into her house under false pretenses. If she knew his name. A little pressure from the hand of Letitia decides him. How can he have scruples when she is so ill, so frightened?

Silently he passes his arm around her, and with her aunt takes her back to the house. They lay her on a sofa. Miss Banbridge flings a rug over her burned dress.

"She must rest here a little before going up stairs," says she.

"Miss Banbridge," says the young man, now turning with determination toward her, "I—I wish to say"——

"Sir, it is what I have to say," says Miss Banbridge with emotion. "I have not half thanked you. How can I? If there is anything I can do—any way in which I can show my gratitude to you—pray name it. In the meantime pray tell me the name of the brave man who has delivered my niece from the very jaws of death?"

"Hardinge," says he shortly.

"What!" Miss Banbridge has fallen back in her chair, staring at him with wild eyes.

"Yes, Hardinge," says the young man steadily, if sorrowfully. He pauses. "After all," says he, "I can't help my name."

There is a pause; Letitia draws her breath sharply. "That is true!" says Miss Banbridge at last in a severe undertone.

"I can't help having had a grandfather, either," says Hardinge, taking another step.

"No, I suppose not," most reluctantly "Most fellows have grandfathers!"

"I cannot contradict you, sir."

"Miss Banbridge," says Hardinge, going closer to her and gazing at her with all his heart in his eyes, "you asked me just now if there was any way in which you could show your gratitude to me—about—about this thing. I want no gratitude. I would have gladly died to save your niece a pang. But—but you have given me the opportunity to tell you that I want—her! I love her. She loves me. Give her to me."

"Letitia!" says Miss Banbridge in a strange voice.

"Oh, yes! It is true," says Letitia, bursting into tears. "I do love him. I loved him that night at the Mainwarings, and I have loved him better and better every day since. He"—her sobs increasing—"he used to come and see me in the meadows where—where I was nearly burned.'

Whether this allusion to the late catastrophe that might have ended in a tragedy stills Miss Banbridge's wrath, or whether her old heart has been softened by Hardinge's plain acknowledgment of his love for her niece no one can tell. She turns to Hardinge with a pale face, but not wholly unkindly air.

"I must have time to think," says she. She hesitates and then says, "This is very painful to me, Mr.—Hardinge." It seems certainly painful to her to pronounce his name—the name so long tabooed in her household. "I must have time—time." She grows silent. The hearts of the lovers sink. Suddenly she looks up again.

"Perhaps you will do me the honor to dine with me tomorrow night?" says she. Her tone is icy, but the two listening to her feel their cause is won. To ask Mr. Hardinge to dine, to accept hospitality at her hands! Oh, surely the old feud is at an end!

A little sound escapes from Letitia.

"You are cold," says Miss Banbridge anxiously, who had thought the sound a shiver.

"A little," says Letitia, who indeed is shivering from her late fear of what her aunt might say.

"I shall fetch another rug," cried the old lady, running out of the room.

"An opportunity once lost is never to be regained," says the ancient copybooks. Hardinge and Letitia make up their minds not to lose theirs. His arms are round her in an instant; her cheek is pressed against his.

"It is all right. She will give in. I feel as if I loved her," says Hardinge.

"Oh, Jack!" says Letitia, "wasn't it a good thing I was nearly burned to death?"

"Oh, hush, darling! Hush, Letty! I can't bear to think of this day."

"Well, I can," says she, laughing feebly. "I shall think of it always. It has given us to each other forever."—The Duchess in Philadelphia Times.

Wasting Valuable Time.

An old farmer died in a little village in the neighborhood of Paris. His fortune, the fruit of years of patient toil, was invested in a nice compact little farm. A nephew of the departed, believing himself to be heir, called a few days later on the lawyer, and before saying a word about the succession thought it only right and proper to shed a few tears.

"Poor uncle," he murmured, "so kind, so affectionate. To think that I shall never see him again."

The notary allowed the young man to give full vent to his sorrowful emotions, after which he quietly observed:

"I suppose you are aware that your uncle has left you nothing?"

"What!" exclaimed the nephew, suddenly changing his tone. "I'm not down in the will? Then, why on earth did you let me stand weeping there and making a fool of myself for a good half hour?"—Soleil du Dimanche.

To Live an Old Man.

"I understand young Briefless is about to marry the daughter of old Bonds, the millionaire."

"Yes, so I am told."

"Will he give up the law business?"

"Yes. He will give up the law business and go into the son-in-law business."—Texas Siftings.

Her Remarkable Taste.

"Do you think, young man, that you could give my daughter all she asks for?" questioned papa grimly.

"I—aw—think so, sir," murmured the lover bashfully. "She says she wants only me."—Exchange.

THE BETHGELERT LEGEND.

A Touching Story of a Faithful Dog That Is Famous In India.

The Banjaras occasionally keep dogs, and it was, we believe, a Banjara dog which gave rise to the Bethgelert legend of India. The story comes from at least half a dozen different parts of India, the substance being identical, though the localities differ. This is how it runs:

Once upon a time a poor man owed a large sum of money to a Baniya, and as he could pay nothing the Baniya came to seize his property, but found all that he had was a dog. "Well," said the Baniya, "since you have nothing else, I will take the dog. He will help to watch my house." So the poor man took a tender farewell of his 4-footed friend, with many injunctions to serve his new master faithfully and never attempt to run home.

Some time after the dog got to his new home thieves broke into the house and took all they could find. Though the dog barked as loudly as he could, yet the Baniya snored on peacefully, and so, seeing the thieves disappearing with their booty, he followed them and saw them hiding their treasure in holes dug in the dry bed of a nala. He then ran home and never stopped barking till his master woke up.

The Baniya was frantic with grief on discovering his loss and was about to wreak his vengeance on the dog, but attracted by his strange behavior he determined to watch him instead. The dog at once led the way to the nala and began scratching at the hole, and very soon the stolen wealth was again in possession of its lawful owner. The Baniya's delight on recovering his property was so great that he wrote on a paper, "Your dog has paid your debt," and fastening this to the dog's collar he bade him to return to his old master, and the faithful dog, full of joy, trotted off as hard as he could go.

His old master, as it happened, just about this time began to long for a sight of his dog and determined to go and see how he was getting on. When half way on his journey, he saw the dog running toward him. He drew his sword and awaited his approach, and as the dog, with a little whimper of joy, sprang forward to caress him he cut off his head with the sword, crying out: "Thou disobedient dog! Pay the penalty of deserting thy post."

Then too late he saw the note attached to his dead friend's neck and was seized with such remorse that he fell upon his sword and died. The man and dog are buried in one grave, and any one traveling to Haidarabad may still see the grave by the roadside.—Allahabad Mail.

What She Lost.

A woman in a car dropped something. Her concern was immediate. Whispering to her companion, a man, she got down on the floor to look for it.

The man, too, got down, and with their hands they felt over the area within reach. Then the man felt in his pockets and took out matches, which he lighted, and the two explored with their eyes.

Their neighbors, seeing their trouble and anxiety, began to bestir themselves. Women lifted their skirts and men poked the floor with their walking sticks. Others, even more sympathetic, got on the floor and commenced exploring it with matches.

The interest spread; there was a general movement. Even the people the farthest removed felt that it was only polite to do something and made vague movements with their feet and swept the floor anxiously with their eyes.

At length, when the excitement was at its height, the lost article was found. There was a general interest in the car to know what they had all been hunting for.

The disgust of everybody may be imagined when the lost article turned out to be a small stub of lead pencil.—Boston Globe.

Making a Speech.

A minister whose speeches smell of the oil is regarded in the house of commons as next thing to a bore. I never knew any assembly in which well balanced phrases went for less. To risk them, a man must be far above the level of the ordinary orator, and even then a few phrases go a long way. I remember a member—himself a very good speaker—saying to me of another member who had just made an effective maiden speech that I had been lauding, "It is all very well for once, but the house won't stand a man who rears up on his hind legs with an exordium and a peroration."

To another speaker the following advice was tendered by an old hand, "Hesitate occasionally as though you could not find the word, then use the wrong one." And although there was some exaggeration in this there commendation was a sound one. Mr. Disraeli carefully cultivated the trick of hesitation over his adjectives, but when the word came it was always a telling one.—London Truth.

Smart Sayings.

Lord Palmerston's reply to the illiterate member who asked him, "Are there two hens in 'Ouiton?" is a specimen of his rather boisterous chaff. "No, only one. That's why heggs are so scarce there."

Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a portrait of himself, "Is it not hideous?—and so like," exhibited a discernment not common with unflattered sitters.—"Twenty Years In Parliament."

George Was Enjoying Himself.

Mother (at a ball)—Are you enjoying yourself, dear?

Daughter—No, I'm not.

"What is the matter?"

"I've refused George six dances running, and he doesn't seem miserable a bit."—Exchange.

Affectionate.

It is customary for members of the house of commons, when rising to address the house, to commence, "Mr. Speaker, sir." One young member, who was rather nervous, began as follows, "Mr. Speaker, dear sir,"—London Tit-Bits.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

For the last time we stand together here
And look across to where the lines of light
Along the harbor to the city's height
Flash out with radiance clear.

I cannot help but think how many a night
Your eyes have watched those red lights drawing near,
When they were all by which you had to steer,
Yet ever sped the little craft aright.

Swift as a bird it flew from pier to pier,
And still I know 'twill wing its watery flight,
And still will happy hearts and faces bright
Crowd all its length, as in the bygone year.

Only one face will vanish from our sight,
Only the presence that made all so dear,
Forever from our lives will disappear;
I only know that here you stand tonight
For the last time!

And all the world grows drear.
A sudden, blinding mist shuts from my sight
The distant splendor, blazing red and white.
I will not lift my eyes to yours for fear

That you, too late, should read my soul aright.
I may not touch your hand in parting here,
Yet can no darker cloud o'er life appear
Than when I answer to your calm "Good night"
For the last time!
—Ida L. Gould in New York Sun.

REVENGED.

It was about half an hour after sunset, but an orange light still burned above the lonely southern valley. The trembling evening star was hanging over the green silences of the fragrant Tennessee woods. Vapor wreathed phantoms from the river course and from the dense thickets that skirted the camp ground came ever, and anon the mournful sound of whippoorwills, sounding faint and low, like the remembered echoes of a dream. Yet Wallace Keene would have given well nigh all he was worth to exchange its luxuriant verdure, one moment only, for the pine clad heights and salt winds of Maine, with russet winged robins chirping their familiar madrigals in the apple orchards below.

"Two years ago I left home," murmured Wallace Keene as he gazed thoughtfully out where the purple sky seemed to touch the waving woods. "Two years since young Harney told me he never would give Marion to 'a common mechanic,' yet the wound rankles sharply still."

"Captain"——

"Is that you, Spicer? What now?"

Captain Keene turned his face toward the opening of the tent, where Private Spicer's head was just visible.

"Why, sir, our fellows have just brought in that lot o' men that was hurt in that scrimmage across the river this morning, and some on 'em is wounded bad."

"I will be there directly, Spicer."

There was a little crowd of men gathered on the river shore in the warm glow of the spring, but they silently parted right and left for Captain Keene's tall figure to pass through their midst.

Six or seven dusty, bleeding men were sitting and lying around in various postures, their ghastly brows made still paler by the faint, uncertain glimmer of the young moon. Keene glanced quickly around, taking in the whole scene in that one brief survey.

He stopped short as his eye fell on a new face, half shadowed by the green sweep of drooping alders—a pale, blood streaked face with a gaping cut on the forehead.

"This is not one of our men!" he exclaimed sharply. "How came he here?"

"No, sir," explained Spicer, stepping forward. "I think he belonged to the Eighth. I'm sure I don't know how he ever got mixed up with our fellows, but there he was, and I thought we'd better not wait for their ambulance, but bring him straight here."

"Right," briefly pronounced Keene, stooping over the insensible figure. "Let them carry him to my tent, Spicer."

"I beg your pardon, captain—to your tent?"

"Didn't you hear what I said?" sharply interrogated the superior officer. "Bruce, make the others comfortable in Lieutenant Ordway's quarters. There will be plenty of room for them there."

"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Spicer five or ten minutes afterward as he came out of the captain's tent scratching his shock of coarse red curls.

Meanwhile the dim light of a lamp swinging from the center of the little tent shone full on the singular group within its circling folds—the wounded private lying like a corpse, still and pale, on the narrow iron bedstead, the young officer leaning over him and supporting his head—and the brisk, gray eyed little surgeon keenly surveying both as he unfolded his case of phials and powders.

"He is not dead, doctor?"

"No; but he would have been in another half hour. Your prompt remedies have saved his life, Captain Keene."

"Thank God! oh, thank God!"

The surgeon looked at Keene in amazement.

"He doesn't belong to your regiment. Why are you so interested in the case?"

"Because, doctor," said Keene, with a strange, bright smile, "when I saw him lying under the alders, dead, as I thought, I rejoiced in my secret heart. At first—only at first. The next moment I remembered that I was a man and a Christian. For years I have carried the spirit of Cain in my breast toward that man; now it is washed out in his blood."

It was high noon of the next day before the wounded man started from a fevered doze into the faint dawn of consciousness.

"Where am I?" he faltered, looking wildly around him, with an ineffectual effort to raise his dizzy head from the pillow.

"Now, be easy," said Private Spicer, who was cleaning his gun by the bedside. "You're all right, my boy. Where are you? Why in the captain's tent, to be sure, and that's pretty good quarters for the rank and file, I should think."

"The captain's tent? How came I here?"

"That's just what I can't tell you—you'll have to ask himself, I guess. You ain't any relation to Captain Keene, be you?"

"Keene—Keene!" repeated the man.

"Because," pursued Spicer, "if you'd been his own brother born, he couldn't have taken better care of you. His cousin, maybe?"

"No! God forgive me, no!" faltered the wounded man with a low, bitter groan.

"Here he is now," said Spicer, the familiar accents of his voice falling to a more respectfully modulated tone as he rose and saluted his officer. "He's all right, captain—as clear headed as a bell!"

"Very well, Spicer; you can go."

The private obeyed with alacrity. When they were alone together in the tent, Wallace Keene came to the low bedside.

"So you're all right, Mr. Harney?" he asked kindly.

"Captain Keene," murmured Harney, shrinking from the soothing tone as if it had been a dagger's point, "I have no right to expect this treatment at your hands."

"Oh, never mind," said the young man lightly. "What can I do to make you more comfortable?"

Harney was silent, but his eyes were full of the tears he fain would drive back—tears of remorseful shame—and he turned his flushed face away lest the man he had once so grossly insulted should see them fall.

The next day he again alluded to the home subject.

"Captain Keene, you asked me yesterday what you could do for me?"

"Yes."

"I want you to obtain leave for May to come and nurse me when I am transferred to hospital."

Captain Keene turned toward the sick man a face white and hard as marble and said in a strangely altered voice:

"Do you mean your sister?"

"My sister—yes."

"Of course, if you wish it, I can obtain permission, Harney. But"——

"Well?"

Keene's cheek colored, and he bit his lip.

"I should not suppose she would be willing to leave her husband for the very uncertain comforts of hospital life."

Harney smiled, looking into his companion's face with keen, searching eyes.

"May is not married, Captain Keene. She has no such appendage as a husband!"

"Not married!"

"I know what you thought. She was engaged and almost married. We had nearly induced her to become Lisle Spencer's wife, but she refused on the very eve of the wedding day."

Keene had risen and was pacing up and down the narrow limits of the tent with feverish haste.

"Because," went on Harney, "she loved a certain young volunteer who left S—— about two years ago too well ever to become any other man's wife."

"Harney—you do not mean to say"——

"I do, though, old fellow, and, what is more, I mean to say that since I've been lying in this tent my eyes have been pretty thoroughly opened to my own absurd folly and impertinence."

Captain Keene wrung his companion's hand and hurried away, to mistake the bootjack for the inkstand and to commit several other no less inexcusable absurdities.

"I see you'll get nothing written today," sighed Harney as he lay watching Wallace Keene tear up sheet after sheet of condemned note paper.

"I shall, though," smiled Wallace. "Only I can't tell exactly which end of my letter to begin at."

Captain Keene did write—and if he inserted a little foreign matter into the epistle it didn't matter, for Harney, considerate fellow, never asked to see it.

Marion came, and when her brother was promoted into the convalescent ward, and she went home again, it was only to lose herself in bowers of orange blossoms, forests of white satin ribbon and acres of pearly, shimmering silk, shot with frosty gleams of silvery brocade, for the course of true love, after all its turn and intricacies, had at length found its way into the sunshine and was running smoothly over sands of gold.—A. R. in New York News.

Simultaneous Games of Chess.

The perfection to which chess may be carried almost implies its imperfection as an amusement. Chess giants like Mr. Blackburn and the late Henry Zukertort act as warnings rather than ideals to ordinary people in search of amusement. The latter gentleman once undertook to carry on 18 games simultaneously without looking at the boards. The performance did not end very satisfactorily, for after more than two days' play the mental acrobat surrendered the contest. But the fact of having carried it so far implied a bewildering feat of cerebration, for if the first four moves on either side in a single game admit of 72,000 variations the first four in 18 games make the appalling total of 1,296,000 possible combinations.

Mr. Blackburn is unrivaled as a blindfold player, and he has actually succeeded in winning the majority of 12 simultaneous games without the assistance of sight. The possible variations in the first four moves of these number 864,000. Performances such as these leave on the mind the oppressive and somewhat humiliating impression of infinity. It is too much of a good thing. One can scarcely imagine how a brain called on to steer through such vast and barren complexities can have any faculties in reserve for useful ratiocination.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Wall Street Full of Schemes.

A feature of market reporting should be the daily statement of the number of men in the street with schemes. They are numerous now and are steadily on the increase, as the railroad brokers and money getters will testify. One of the former was heard to remark the other day, "If you were to stand at the corner of Wall and Broad streets and break with a club the head of every man that came along, the air would be so full of schemes that the sun would be darkened."—New York Tribune.

The Wrong Flower.

Little Miss Goldenhair (proudly)—We is descended from zee Mayflower.

Little Miss Freckles (regarding her intently)—Is you sure it wasn't a chrysanthemum?—Good News.

THE INDEPENDENT STYLE.

How a Clever Westerner Downed a Pompous New York Editor.

A newspaper man from the west visited New York on one occasion and called on a great editor there, with whom he had had some correspondence. He called to pay his respects mostly, but he was after a job if he could get one. He sent in his card after the custom in New York, and in a minute or two the boy returned.

"What is your business?" asked the boy.

"No business; pleasure," he wrote on the card, and the boy took it in and came back.

"He wants to know your business or pleasure," said the boy.

"To pay my respects," the visitor wrote and sent it in.

"Call at the counting room to pay anything," came back the answer.

"Thanks," he wrote. "The amount is so small that it will not justify me in stopping."

The boy took it in, and the visitor started off in no pleasant frame of mind.

"Here," said the great editor, appearing at the door of his den, "come here."

The visitor changed his course.

"I'll meet you half way," he said, stopping at about that distance.

The great editor came forward and took him by the hand.

"Come in," he said grimly. "Come in and sit down. I like your style."

"I don't like yours," responded the visitor frankly as he sat down.

"Some do," said the great editor, with a smile.

"Perhaps they do, but it is an acquired taste."

The great editor seemed to enjoy it.

"Some of the acquired things of life are very excellent," he ventured.

"Yes, my services on this paper, for instance," said the visitor plumply, and after half an hour's further talk he went away with a commission to do some work preparatory to a regular sit on the staff.—Detroit Free Press.

Reading Aloud.

The possession of the marvelous and intricate faculty of articulate speech seems no more miraculous to the unthinking than do the eternal varieties of eating, drinking and sleeping. Yet the former is arbitrary and conventional, the invention of man—perhaps not confined to him, if Professor Garner of monkey speech fame is to be believed—while the latter are natural, absolute common, and the sine qua non of existence.

The office of speech—the celebrated French diplomat to the contrary notwithstanding—is to convey thought. How important, then, that this vehicle of thought transference, this common carrier of ideas, this carriage laden with the most delicate and elusive of burdens, nothing less than the very essence of the soul—perishable freight, indeed—should be carefully watched and developed to its highest and best capacity.

The comparative ease with which the average individual may be taught to express the thoughts of himself or others in an intelligent, intelligible, even pleasing fashion, makes it seem almost criminal to neglect such a vast possible addition to the general good.

In none of the arts—for reading is not only an art, but the noblest of them all—does general information, education and intelligence count for so much.—A. P. Burbank in Godey's.

Poor Ways of Saving.

To make personal charities small and infrequent in order to buy the more tickets for boxes at charity concerts and balls; to give one's family insufficient and unsavory food in order to have the money for large and costly entertainments; to economize on warm underclothing for the sake of buying more showy outer garments; to go on foot or in the horse cars when health and the weather require the use of a carriage, and then pay for several visits from a physician and for the attendant drug store bill; to expend $2,500 a year for the rent of a narrow "house with hard wood finishings" in a fashionable neighborhood, and $100 annually for enough coal to barely keep its inmates from freezing, while from $1,200 to $1,500 rent and $200 for fuel would keep the household warm and comfortable in a wide, old fashioned house in a respectable vicinity—these are but a few of the countless ways by which small savings may accompany great wastings.—Harper's Bazar.

Good Manners at Home.

The presence of good manners is nowhere more effective than in the household, and perhaps nowhere more rare. Whenever familiarity exists there is a tendency to loosen the check upon selfish conduct, which the presence of strangers involuntarily produces. Many persons who are kind and courteous in company are rude and careless with those they love best. Emerson says, "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices," and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making sacrifices for one another.

Children thus learn good manners in the best and most natural way, and habits thus acquired will never leave them. Courtesy and kindness will never lose the power of their charm, while all spurious imitations of them are to be despised.

The Duration of a Dream.

Those learned and scientific gentlemen who have gone into the subject declare the longest dreams hardly last a few minutes. The following instance lends support to their views. One evening Victor Hugo was dictating letters to his secretary. Overcome by fatigue, the great man dropped into a slumber. A few moments afterward he awoke, haunted by a dream which, as he thought had extended over several hours, and he blamed his secretary for sitting there waiting for him, instead of wakening him or else going away. What was his surprise when the bewildered secretary told him that he had only just finished writing the last sentence dictated to him. —Petit Francais.

Old Silver In Paris.

The Rue de Provence is the home of the secondhand dealer in artistic wares. He is a greater power than the American pawnbroker and has a much cleaner reputation. To wander among these quaint stores is as much in vogue with the moneyed world as with the moneyless. Silverware is there in large quantities and includes every serviceable object from a souvenir spoon to a 5 o'clock tea set. All this mass has the tarnish of age and neglect to tell against its beauty, but a little polishing powder rejuvenates it, and it passes out to be recognized among its brand new fellows.

A remarkable set of souvenir spoons came under my notice in one of these stores. The half dozen represented Napoleon and his generals. Only the heads of the famous men were visible on the handles, but they were wrought with a perfection that would have done credit to a photographer. The bowls of the spoons were lined with gold, and the price of the whole combination was only equivalent to $7.

It is worth a visit to the Rue to see the piles of small trinkets that gather dust in the windows. A number of seals are 3-inch pieces of silver that show up exquisite carving. I saw one that represented the birth of Christ, with the stable surroundings brought out in surprising detail.—Cor. Jewelers' Review.

The St. Gothard Tunnel Dethroned.

The great St. Gothard tunnel, which was begun Oct. 1, 1872, and finished in 1880, is 9½ miles in length and cost $196.40 per foot throughout. At present it is the Titan of all the world's tunnels. "These cannot last forever," however, and by the end of 1895 St. Gothard will be dethroned, the great Simplon tunnel, now in course of construction, coming in with the title of "largest and longest tunnel in the world." This new claimant for Titanic honors is being built to supersede the famous "route of the Simplon," a road over the mountains which was constructed by the first Napoleon.

The Simplon tunnel will be almost one-fourth longer than the now celebrated St. Gothard, its total length from opening to opening being, according to expert calculations, 12½ miles. In short, it is almost exactly three St. Gothard. The old "route of the Simplon," which will be practically abandoned when the tunnel is completed, is about 38 miles in length. At present it takes 12 long hours to cross the Simplon route. When the tunnel is finished, less than a half hour will be consumed in making the trip.—St. Louis Republic.

The United States Capitol.

The United States capitol at Washington is one of the most majestic buildings in the world. It was first begun in 1793, when the north wing was founded. This was finished in 1800, and the south wing was begun in 1811. The building was burned by the British in 1814, and rebuilding did not begin until 1817. In 1851 the new extensions began, the house of representatives first occupying its present hall in 1857, the senate its present quarters in 1859. The dome was constructed between 1856 and 1865. The cost of the building has exceeded $30,000,000. The dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter, contains 4,000 tons of iron, arranged to move during atmospheric changes like the unfolding of a lily.

The rotunda beneath is 96 feet in diameter and 180 feet high. The extreme length of the building is 751 feet; extreme breadth, 324. It covers 153,112 square feet of ground. The architecture is of the Corinthian order; the material of the central structures yellowish sandstone painted white; of the wings, white marble, tinged with blue.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Recreations of Great Men.

The favorite recreation of Pope's leisure hours was the society of painters. Nothing was more agreeable to the poet than to spend an occasional evening with his friend Kneller, who, to use the words of Thackeray, "bragged more, spelled worse and painted better than any artist of his day." Warburton tells an amusing anecdote of the two friends. Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honor of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea man, "but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for 10 guineas."—Chambers' Journal.

Brignoli and His Age.

On one occasion Bianchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Brignoli, whom he found pacing up and down like a madman, humming over his part.

"Why, Brig, what is the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked.

"Yes, I am nervous," was the reply as he walked harder and faster than ever.

"But, Brig, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part 200 times. I heard you sing it 30 years ago."

"Thirty years ago! Who are you that should know so much?"

"Who am I? You know who I am, and I know who you are."

"Very well; you know what I am, but I am sure you do not know what you are, and if you wish I will tell you. You are a fool!"—New York Tribune.

Do We Talk Money?

There is one feature about Americans that I never can reconcile myself to. It is that, go where you will, to a gentleman's house, his club or any other meeting place, I find that money is spoken of directly or indirectly. In all other civilized parts of the world money is "tabooed" as an article of civilized word diet. Is it really gentlemanly to make it a subject of conversation among the best people or have I fallen among the second or third class?—An Englishman in New York Sun.

All the Signs.

Winks—Who is that long haired genius with cotton in his ears?

Jinks—Um—a music teacher probably. —New York Weekly.

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Hell Will Be on a Comet!

What do you think of the idea of hell, the future abode of the wicked, being situated in the nucleus of some gigantic comet? This opinion, odd as it may seem to those who have given comets and the future state of the dead but little attention, has been entertained by many really eminent scientists and philosophers, among them the learned Dr. Whiston, the friend and sometime adviser of the great Sir Isaac Newton.

In answer to the inquiries of a friend, who wrote to ask the doctor for some tangible proof on the subject, the following unique theories were advanced: "According to my calculations and deductions, this theory which you rightly say 'must belong to me and me alone,' does locate hell, the awful prison house of the damned, in the fiery nucleus of some (perhaps yet undiscovered) comet of unthinkable size.

"In this wide circling chariot of fire they will be whirled in the twinkling of an eye from the intolerable heat of the surface of the sun back into space hundreds and hundreds of millions of miles from the great torch bearer of our system. Thus instantly the wretched tenants will be given two unbearable extremes—one of cold and the other of heat—this to continue through the endless ages of eternity, while the Almighty is dispensing the severities of justice."

Did mortal man ever harbor a more horrible idea than this?—St. Louis Republic.

The Rat as a Disease Distributer.

Nowhere is it possible for the ubiquitous rat, if diseased, to do more certain harm as a disease transmitter than in the farmyard and the barn. Here he is almost on intimate terms with the cattle and the horses. He mouths their food in feeding himself from the manger, he sleeps in the hay they eat and frequently they inhale his poisoned breath. The milk cow's product has often done its mischief in the household of the farmer or in the families of the dairyman's customers long before Brindle's or Sukey's unhealthy condition is rightly understood.

The seeds of consumption are sown broadcast; the scientist discovers that the cow has distributed them, but the question "How came the cow by the germs of this terrible disease?" is never answered except conjecturally. The afflicted rat has given up the ghost, but not until he has transmitted his disease to fellow rodents and other animals; the cow dies or is killed and the surgeon's examination of her interior reveals the presence of the death bearing tubercles; but the seeds of consumption go on toward fruition in the bodies of human beings, and the manufacture of the disease continues in the barn.

There is no excise law to check or in any way regulate the spread of the disease germs, and the unlicensed dealers keep on peddling out their poison till the last one dies or until in obedience to some mysterious mandate the whole colony emigrate.—Dr. S. E. Weber's Lecture.

Photographers have begun to use storage battery plants, which operate a ruby colored incandescent light in the darkroom, and the effect on their health has been very beneficial.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term, A. D. 1893. Archibald Wilson vs. Eva Catharine Wilson. In Chancery, No. 4,433. Gen. No. 145,107. Affidavit of non-residence of Eva Catharine Wilson, defendant in the above entitled cause named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, notice is hereby given to the said Eva Catherine Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

James McEnerny, Compl'ts. Sol'r.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN W. HUGHES, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John W. Hughes, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1893, being the 15th day thereof.

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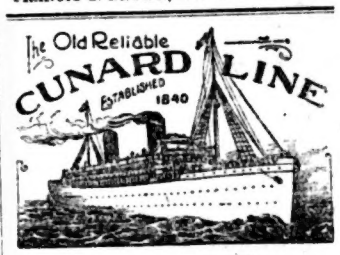

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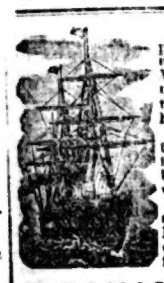

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